

A-8-9-1

Syn. 8. 54. 69

PSALMES

OR PRAYERS

taken out
of bo-

A-8 lye -
Scripture.

Sm: & Dy en

Londini.

A.N.M.D.XLV.

1534



Psalmo. 101.

**The lord turneth hym vnto the
prayer of the poore destitute, and de-
spiseth not their prayer.**

Colloss. 4.

**Continue in prayer, and watche in
the same, with thankes geuyng.**

1. Thessal. 5.

**Reioyce alwaie, praye continually,
in all thynges be thankfull: for this
is the will of GOD in CHRIS-
TESVS towards vs.**

The fyrst psaline.

For the obteynng remissi-
on of synnes.



LORDE OF
lordes, God all-
myghty, greatte
and dreedefulle,
whych by thy
worde haste made

heauen, earthe, the sea, and all
thynges conteyned in them.

Nothyng is able to resist thy
power, thy mercye is ouer all
thy workes.

All thynges be vnder thy do-
minion and rule: both man and
beast, and all liuyng creatures.

Thou arte mercifull to whome
thou wilt: and hast compassion
on whom it pleaseth the.

A.ii.

Thy

FIRSTE

Thy counsaile shall stand for
euer: and what so euer thou wilt
shall be done.

Power, dominion, and glorie
is thine: whiche arte aboue all
thynges, and in all thynges, and
in vs all.

Thou arte father of mercies,
and god of all grace, peace, and
comforte: whiche wilt not the
death of a synner, nor delitest in
the damnacion of soules.

O lord god, whiche art riche
in mercie, and of thine especiall
loue towardes vs, even whan
we were thine enemies by sinne,
diddest send into the world thine
only begotten son Iesus Christ:
that who so euer beleueth duely
in hym, shall not perishe, but
haue eurlastyng life,

Haue

PSALME.

Haue mercie vppon me, haue
mercie vppon me, accoꝝdyng to
thy greate mercie.

And accoꝝdyng to the multi-
tude of thy mercies, put awaye
myne offences.

O god moſte holy, waſhe me
from my wickedneſſe, and make
me clene frō mine vncleanneſſe.

For I acknowledge (O loꝝde,
mine, heinous ſynnes: and ac-
cuſe my ſelfe of mine vnrighte-
ous dedes.

I confeſſe againſt my ſelfe the
wickedneſſe of my herte, whiche
hath ben euer vnfaithfull, and
rebelling againſt thy pꝛeceptis.

I haue beene an vntrue and a
froward childe to the, and haue
pꝛouoked the with my vanities.

O holy father, I haue offen-
ded

A.iii.

FIRSTE

bed thy diuine maiestie : and am
not worthy to be called thy son.

Because I prouoked the to
angre through the multitude of
my synnes : & haue not exercised
my selfe in thy ryghtfull lawes.

I haue turned backe from thy
wayes, and done euill befoze the:
I haue done wickedly, and vn-
iustly behaued my selfe, leaupng
thy cōmaundementes, and mur-
muring against thy coꝛreccion.

I haue turned my selfe away,
and not kepte my pꝛomise made
vnto the : I haue walked in
an euill waye after mine owne
thoughtes and fantasies, cho-
syng the thinges that thou wol-
dest not.

O loꝛde god almightie, I haue
not feared the, noꝛ shewed due
reue-

PSALME.

reuerence vnto the: but I haue
been disobedient and stubburne
against the.

As a common harlot is with-
out shame, euen soo am I with-
out shame of my synnes: for, be-
hold, I speake vnto the, and yet
I synne moze and moze.

I haue leste that whiche is
good, and gone backe from the:
and I haue not put my truste
and hope in the, my maker, but
haue sought for helpe and saue-
garde otherwyle.

I haue plowed wyckednesse,
and reaped iniquitie, and eaten
the fruite of lyes: bycause I
haue trusted in mine owne way.

I haue cast thy lawes behind
my backe, not regardyng thy
commaundementes, nor leauing

A.iiii.

mine

FIRSTE

mine owne lewde customes.

I haue not geuen my herte to
retourne to thy pathes: for I
wolde not knowe the, but haue
fallen thzough mine iniquitie.

I neuer vnto this daie turned
truly vnto the with all my hert:
but as a woman that breakethe
hir fidelitie and pzomyse vnto
hir husband, euen so (o lord god)
I haue broken my pzomyse vn-
to the.

For I haue liued abhomyna-
bly, and haue had no remoꝝs noꝝ
repentaunce for my euyl dedes,
but haue runne from synne to
synne, folowynge the lewde de-
syres of my herte.

Thou knowest all thynges (o
lord) howe I haue pzouoked the
to displeasure by my lewde in-
uenti-

PSALME.

uencions : and none of all my
synnes be hid from the.

I hated thy discipline and cor-
reccion : and regarded not thy
wordes and sayinges.

I haue not done penaunce for
my malice: but haue encreased
in muche vanitie.

My herte hath ben boyde of
trueth : and my handes haue
wrought vnrighuousnesse.

My tonge hath spoken sinfull-
ly: and I haue labored with the
imagination of my hert to fynd
out lyes and deceites, and no
trueth hath ben in my wayes.

I haue accustomed my tongue
to speake trifles and vanities,
fulfyllinge my fleshely desy-
res and thoughtes : my pur-
poses and inuencions haue ben

A. b.

contra-

FIRSTE

contrary to thy wyl, wherby I
haue offended the eies of thy ma
iestie.

Thou hast sene all these thyn
ges (O lorde) and haste holden
thy peace, and yet they were euil
in thy syght, and displeased the.

In thy angre thou haste caste
me awaye, and art diuided from
me nowe many dayes.

Thou haste geuen me vp to
the desyres of my hert: to do the
thynges whiche be not sempyng.

Wo I am, that I haue gone
from the, greate is my myserie,
that I haue led my life in sinne.

Wo is me, that I haue forsa
ken the to do my deutes, not af
ter thy mynde, to accomplishe
my thoughtes, which haue not
proceeded of thy spirite, but haue
hea-

PSALME.

heaped vp synne vpon synne.

Mine infamie and reproche
is daily before mine eyes : and
for shame I dare not shewe my
face.

And nowe (O lozde god) why
forgettest thou me : why kepest
thou away so long thy mercie
from me :

Here now my cause graciously,
although thou haste ben disple-
sed with me a great while : for
thou arte mercifull : be not an-
gry alwayes I beseeche the.

Caste not away a contrite and
a penitent person, a wretche, and
an abiecte, whiche humbly cal-
leth vpon thy name.

Turne againe a litiell to-
ward me, O lozde god, and for-
geue me my mischeuous dedes.

¶

FIRSTE .

Do not according to my
synnes, nor punish me as my
whickednesse deserueth.

Shewe not furth thy power
against a poore wretch: perse-
cute hym not so sore, whiche is
without all strength.

Turne not thy face away from
my prayers: but accordyng to
thy promisses, take me againe
vnto thy fauour.

For I am thine (O rightuous
father) whome thy onely deere
sonne hath redeemed with his
precious bloudde.

And now my soule abhorreth
my old conuersacion: and of the
(whiche arte iudge of all men)
I aske mercye.

I do subinit my selfe vnder thy
mightie hande: for after thine
angre

PSALME.

angre thou shewest mercie, and
in the time of tribulacion thou
doest forgeue synnes.

I acknowledge, that I am a
synner, besechyng the, lord god
almightie, of thy goodnesse to
do with me accoꝝdyngly to thy
great mercie.

I am confounded and asha-
med, to lifte vp mine eyes vnto
the, foꝝ my synnes are ascended
vp vnto thy syght.

Against the (O father) against
the I haue synned, and done e-
uill befoze the: thou seest that
mine iniquitie is great.

Truely I haue ben an offen-
der against the, euen from my
cradle, and syns I sucked my
mothers bꝛestes I haue not ces-
sed to do euill.

Be

FIRSTE

Beholde, I was begotten in iniquitie : & my mother brought me into this worlde defiled with synne.

For the corne of an euill seede is sowed in my herte, and howe muche wickednesse hath spronge therof vnto this day, thou knowest, O lord.

I can not shake of my synnes and offences, but I carpe stille with me thinfamie of my youth.

Beholde lord, I am sold vnder synne : and in my fleshe I fynde not that whiche is good,

For the good that I wolde, that do I not, but the euill that I hate, that I do.

All the thoughtes and imaginations of my hert, haue ben set to do euil, euer sens I was yōg.
O why

PSALME.

Why do I die in my synnes
 lord god: seing thy wyll is not
 that a synner dye, but retourne
 from his synne and lyue:

For thou arte good and mer-
 cyfull, and accoꝝdyng e to thy
 great mercy, sauest theim that
 be vnwoꝝthy.

For albeit no man is able to
 beare the puniſhement, whiche
 thou doest threaten against sin-
 ners, yet the mercy, whiche thou
 hast promysed, is great and vn-
 sercheable.

Thou haste shewed mercy a
 thousand tymes heretofore: to
 make thy name glorious as it
 is euen yet styll.

The olde fathers in their ne-
 cessities cried vnto the, and thou
 dyddest delyuer them: they put
 their

FIRSTE

theit trust in the: and they were not confounded.

When they were at their wittes ende, and wiste not what to do: this was their onely refuge, to lift vp their eies to the.

Thou diddest saue them for thy names sake, to shewe in the thy might and strength.

Many a tyme they prouoked the thorough their iniquities, and stirred thy goodnesse to displeasure.

yet when thou sawest theyr tribulacion, and theyr lowly submission vnto the,

Thou diddest remembre thy promise, and by and by haddest pitie and compassion vpon them: accoꝝdyng to the multitude of thy mercies.

Haue

PSALME.

Haue mercie vppon me (O
loꝝde God omnipotent) haue
mercy vpon me : for I am a mi-
serable and a wretched creature:
Make me hoole I beseeche the,
whome thou hast stryken for my
synne and iniquitie.

My soule is troubled greatly:
and howe long (O loꝝde) wylte
thou not loke towarde me?

Howe long wylte thou reiecte
my pꝛaier thus crieng out vnto
the : wylte thou heare me at no
tyme : howe longe wylte thou
tourne away thy face from me :

Where bee thy olde mercyes
(O loꝝde) whome thou hast sta-
blished in thy trueth :

Wylte thou nowe (O loꝝd god)
ceasse to shewe mercy : or wylte
thou withdꝛawe thy goodnesse

B

for

PSALME.

foz displeasure.

Haste thou caste me awaie foz
euer: that thou wilt neuer here
after be pleased with me:

Thy hande is not weakened,
but it maie helpe: and thy eares
be not stopped, that they refuse
to heare.

Howe long shall my mynde
be troubled with peyneful and
heauy thoughtes: howe longe
shall sorowe tourment my hert:

Howe longe shall mine enne-
mie haue the oucrhande of me:
looke towarde me (lozde god)
and here my pzaier.

Geue lyght to mine eies, foz I
haue slepte to longe in deathe:
and my synnes haue pzeuayled
against me.

Turne againe, O lozde, turne
again

P S A L M E.

agaïne, and deliuer my soule:
and saue me for thy great mer-
cies sake.

Nowe is the accepted time:
nowe be the dayes of health and
grace.

In deathe who shall remem-
bre the? or in helle who shall
laude or praise the?

He that liueth, he that liueth,
shall praise the: and shall make
thy mercie known.

Lord, rebuke me not in thyne
angre: nor punyshe me in thy
great displeasure.

Cast not thy dartes at me: nor
laye not thy heauy hande vp-
pon me.

For I haue borne thine angre
a long while, and of the cuppe
of thy hygh displeasure I haue
B.ii. Dranke

PSALME.

Dronke very depe.

There is no health in my flesh
for feare of thy displeasure : I
haue no peace nor rest, when I
beholde my synnes.

My iniquities be gone ouer
my hed : and like an heauy bur-
dein they daily presse me doune.

The woundes in my soule do
fester and stinke euen thorough
mine owne folie.

I am a wretche cast away from
thy fauour and presence, and go
mourning all the day long.

My soule is full of filthinesse,
and no parte of me is hole and
sounde.

Wherefore my enemies do per-
secute me the more, the gretnesse
of my payne maketh me to roze
and crye.

My

PSALME.

My herte fainteth and trem-
bleth within me, and my strength
is gone away.

O lord, thou knowest my de-
fire, and thou seest my necessitie.

Forgeue me all my synnes
(O lord god almightie) for thy
owne sake, and put out of thy
syght my heynous offences, for
according to thy goodnesse thou
hast promised forgeuenesse of
synnes to them that do penance.

Haue mercie on me lord, for
the glorie and honoure of thy
name, and be no longer displea-
sed with me, and then thou shalt
surely be knowen to be iust and
true in thy wordes, and shalt o-
uercome when thou art iudged.

For by this, thy greate grace
shalbe knowen: that thou takest

B.iii. mercie

FIRSTE

mercie on them, which haue not
wherof they maie glozie in thy
syght.

And all the dwellers on þe erth
shal lerne and knowe thy good-
nes, whan thou shalt conferre &
geue thy benefites to vs for thy
great names sake, and not after
our euil wayes & wicked dedes.

Verily lord god, excepte thou
shew vnto vs thy manifold mer-
cies, the worlde shall uot haue
life, noꝝ they that dwell therein.

And if thou helpe vs not with
thy goodnesse, howe maie they
whiche haue offended, be repyed
vp from their synnes?

Haue mercie on me, O good
father, haue mercie on me, and
for thy glorious name, bee no
longer angry with me.

Take

PSALME.

Take me synner vnto thy mercie for the name of thy holy son Iesu, whome thou haste sent to be the obtainer of mercie for our synnes throughe faithe in his bloudde.

Beholde holy father, beholde thye childe, whome thou haste chosen: beholde thy welbeloued sonne, in whome thy soule delighteth: vpon whom thou haste put thy holy spirite, and sent him to preche the gospell to the poore, to heale them, whiche for their synnes be sorrowfull and contrite: to comforte them that mourne, to preach pardon to the prisoners, and syght to the blinde.

Beholde thy littell one, whiche was bozne for vs: beholde thy son, whiche is geuen to vs,
B.iii. whom

FIRSTE

whome thou haste not spared,
but geuen to deathe for vs all,
to be a sweete offering and a sa-
crifice to the.

Verily he tooke vppon him,
in his bodie, oure infirmities,
and he bare our peines.

He was made weake for our
synnes: and he was wounded
for our offences.

The correction for our peace
was layde vppon hym, and by
the strokes that he suffered, our
woundes were healed.

All we wente a straye lyke
sheepe, euery one folowed his
owne waye, and thou (O lord)
puttest on hym our iniquities,
strykyng hym for the offences,
of thy people.

He gaue his body to be beaten
and

PSALME.

and his chekes to be stryken, he
toured not away his face from
them that scozned hym, and spit
vpon hym.

Thzoughe his loue and mer-
cy, he hath redemed them that
were losse, and by his bloudde
shedde on the Crosse, he hath
pacified all thynges in heauen
and earthe.

He gaue hym selfe to deathe,
and made his prayers for them
whiche were offenders.

Loke (O mercyfull father)
and cōsider, who it is that thus
dydde suffre : and remembze (I
beseeche the) for whome he hath
suffred.

For this is that innocente,
whom thou gauest to deathe for
vs, euen than whan we were
B. v. synners

FIRSTE

sinners: and shall we not, being
nowe iustified by his bloude,
muche rather be saued frome
wraethe through hym?

If we, when we were yet ene-
mies, were reconciled to the by
the deathe of thy sonne: shall we
not, being reconciled, muche ra-
ther be saued by his life?

Beholde that pure and imma-
culate lambe, whiche taketh a-
way the synnes of the world, by
whose pꝛecious bloud we are re-
deemed from our iniquities.

Take vppon that moste meke
innocent, whiche like a lambe
was led to his deathe: and being
moste cruelly entreated, ones o-
pened not his mouth.

Beholde thyne onely sonne,
whom although thou begattest
of

PSALME.

of thy almightie power, substance
and nature: yet thou woldest he
shuld be ptaker of my infirmity.

Whiche being god in nature
thought it no rauin to be equall
with god, but made hym selfe
low, takyng vpon him the shape
of a seruaunt, and comming in
the similitude of synfull fleshe,
condemned synne in the fleshe,
submittynge hym selfe vnto the,
O father, euen to the deathe of
the crosse, and there put out the
hand wrytyng that was against
vs conteyned in the lawe writ-
ten, & takyng it out of the waie,
fastened it to his crosse, on the
which he spoiled potestates and
powers, and made a shewe of
them openly, and triumphed o-
uer them in his owne person.

Turne

FIRSTE

Turne the eyes of thy maiestie (O lord god) and loke vpon the worke of thy ineffable goodnesse.

Beholde thine own swete son, how all his body was drawen & stretched furth on the crosse.

Loke vppon all the partes of his bodye, from the crowne of the heade vnto the sole of the fote, and no peine shalbe founde like vnto his peine.

Behold (O louyng father) the blessed heade of thy deere sonne crowned with sharpe thornes, and the bloude runnyng downe vpon his godly visage.

Beholde his tendre body, how it is scourged: his naked breste is stricken and beaten: his bloody side is thzasted through: his herte

PSALME.

herte panteth : his sinewes be
stretched furth : his godly eyes
dassell and lose their syght : his
pryncely face is wanne and pale,
his pleasant tongue is inflamed
for peine : his inwarde partes
ware drie and starke: his armes
both blewe and wanne be stiffe,
his bones be plucked one from
an other : his beautifull legges
be feble and weake: and the stre-
mes of bloudde issuyng out of
his bodie, runne downe apace
vpon his fete.

Loke (O my maker) vpon the
humanitee and ientilnesse of thy
dere sonne: and pitie the infir-
mitie of thy weake hād. worke.

Beholde (O glorious father)
the body of thy dere sonne, all to
rent and tozne : and remembre

I be-

FIRSTE

I beseeche the, of how small substance I am.

Toke vpon the peine of hym that is both god and man: and release the misery of man, whom thou hast made.

Behold the greuous sufferieng of the redemer, and forgeue the synne of hym that is redeemed.

kepe me from all euill wayes: and teache me by thy holy spirite, to chose the waye of trueth.

I beseeche the (O thou kyng of holynesse) by hym that is moste holie, by this my redemer Christe, that thou bryng me againe into the ryght waye, that I maie be vnited and made one with hym in spirite, whiche abhorred not to be vnited with me in fleshe.

Make

PSALME.

Make me to go perfectly in
thy pathes: and to hate all wic-
ked wayes.

Washe my herte from malice,
and clense me from my secreete
synnes.

Clense me (O holie father)
with the bloude of the newe te-
stamēt of thy welbeloued sonne:
whiche hath loued vs, and was-
shed vs with his bloude from
our synnes, and hathe redeemed
vs from all iniquitie.

Purifie my hert by the sancti-
ficacion of thy spirite, and the
sprinkling of the bloude of thy
sonne, from all filthinesse of syn,
and euyll conscience.

O god almightie, be mercifull
vnto me sinner: for thy glorious
name sake, and remembze my
synnes

synnes no longer.

Foꝛ thou arte god, gracious
and mercifull, and patiently
dost suffre vs: and woldest that
no man shulde perishe, but that
al men shuld retorne to penāce.

Make me (O loꝛde god) to re-
turne from my euyl wayes and
wycked thoughtes.

Remembꝛe not the synnes and
abominacions of my youthe:
accoꝛdyng to thy merci, be mind
full of me foꝛ thy goodnesse sake
O loꝛde.

Loke not vpon me with a gre-
uous countenance: foꝛ there is
no man that dare speake foꝛ me.

Enter not into iugement with
thy seruant, foꝛ if thou accuse
me, I shall neuer be quytte.

Foꝛ if thou (O loꝛde) marke
my

my synnes and iniquitie : who
shall not fall befoze the :

This is certaine and sure, that
than in thy sight no man liuyng
shalbe iustified, seyng thou hast
found iniquitie euen in thy an-
gelles .

Howe muche rather in man,
which is abhominacion and fil-
thinesse, & dwelleth in the erth-
ly house of this body, and dyn-
keth iniquitie as it were water :

Who is clene from filthinesse,
whan al be corrupted : truly not
one : no though he haue lyued
but one daie on the earth : and
though his monethes maie be
easily numbred.

Of a trueth there is no mor-
tall man, whiche hath not done
wickedly : no, there is any right
wise

FIRSTE

wise on earth, which doth good,
and synneth not.

yet because mercie is in thy
hande (O lord) although thou
be dreadeful, my hope is in the, in
whom my soule trusteth.

My soule loketh for the, be-
cause mercie and plentifull re-
dempcion is with the.

For this I knowe assuredly,
that thou wilt not cast me away
for ever: but although thou caste
me away for my synnes a while,
yet thou wilt haue mercie vpon
me againe, according to the mul-
titude of thy mercies.

For thou (O lord) arte full of
pitie and mercie : and wilt not
turne thy face away from vs, if
we will returne to the.

Thou art our god, full of swe-
tenes

PSALME.

tenesse, veritie, and pacyence,
and dyspocest all thynges by
mercie.

The fountaynes of thy good-
nesse be euer ful and flowe ouer:
thy grace neuer decaieeth.

All thy waies be mercie and
trueth to them that seke out thy
couenaunt and testimonies.

Howe gentle and loupnge the
father is to his childzen, so gen-
tle & loupng arte thou (O lord)
to them that feare the, and for
the haboundaunce of thy mercie
thou doest pardon our infirmi-
ties.

Thou knowest thyne owne
handy worke: thou remembrest
what we are: thou seest that we
are fleshe, and of no strength.

Thou hast not forgotten, that
C.ii. this

FIRSTE

this worlde is full of brygh-
teousnesse and wickednesse : and
that it is wholly sette and bent
on euill.

yet neuerthelesse thou art mer-
cyfull , and full of grace , and
like a mercifull lord , forbear-
est to punyshe synners , whan
they repent theim selfe , and re-
turne from their synnes.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord
god my sauour) for the glorie
of thy name : and delyuer me,
and forgeue me my synnes for
thy names sake.

O rightuouse father, loke not
straitely vpon the multitude of
my synnes : but loke on the face
of Iesu thy holy sonne, whiche
beyng without synne , bare our
synnes in his bodie on the tree
of

PSALME.

of the crosse.

Turne away thy face from
my synnes: and put out all my
iniquities.

Make a cleane herte in me (O
god) and renue me with a right
spirite.

Caste me not away from thy
presence, and take not thy holy
spirite from me.

Geue me againe the comfozte
of thy helpe: and stablishe me
with thy mightie spirite.

Mollifie my herte (O lord
god) that I maie returne to thy
pathes: for I haue wandzed o-
uer longe in the way of errour.

Tourne me to the, and I shal
be tourned: for thou art my ma-
ker: and I am the claye and
wozke of thy handes.

Ciii

Turne

SECONDE

Turne not thy face awaie
from me, noz goe not from thy
seruant in thyne angre.

Be my helper, and forsake me
not: dispise me not (O lord) whi
che art my God, and my health.
Amen.

The seconde psaline.
For remission of sinnes.

O Most myghty god of aun-
gels & of men: whose iuge-
mentes be vnserchable: & whose
wildome is pzofound and depe.

Here the prayers of thy ser-
uaunt: and caste not awaie the
humble suites of thy pooze crea-
ture and handy worke.

For as longe as I shall lyue,
I wil speke vnto the: and I will
not

PSALME.

not holde my peace, so longe as
the breath is in my body.

I do turne my soule vnto the,
and I set mine eies directly vpon the.

Let thine angre be turned away
frome me, I beseeche the, and
graunt, that I may fynde grace
and fauour in thy syght.

Accoꝝdyng to the greatnesse of
thy mercie, forgeue me all my
synnes.

Blucke me awaye frome mine
heinous offences: and heale my
soule, whiche hath offended the,
make me free from the guilt of
my transgression: for I acknow-
lage my iniquitie, and am sorry
for my synnes.

I haue forsaken thy waye, and
I, knowynge thy commaun-

S E C O N D E

Dementes, haue Done al thinges
contrary to them.

I haue broken the couenaunt
that I made with the: and haue
dispised to kepe thy lawe.

Verily I haue synned against
the (O lord god) and the ble-
mishe of my synne abideth styll
with me, euen vnto this day.

I haue forsaken the (O god
my maker) and gone away from
the my sauour, and haue rebel-
led against the, like the ore that
wynceth and stryuethe whan he
shulde be yoked.

I haue hardened my herte a-
gainst the: and I haue lifted
vp my necke proudely after my
synne.

I haue trusted in lyes, and
through deceit wold not know-
lage

PSALME.

Age the : but I haue folowed
the lewdnesse of my herte.

My pride and arrogancy haue
beguyled me : and the foolish
boldnesse of my herte hathe
brought me into desolate waies.

Mine owne counsailes and ad-
uises haue wroughte me these
thynges: suche is the malice and
rebellion that possesseth the her-
tes of men.

My soule is put from quiet-
nesse and reste, and I can not
thinke of any good thing.

The yoke of my synnes is war-
ed very heauy: it is lifted vp and
fastned about my necke.

Thou haste spoken to me, but
I wolde not heare: Thou haste
called me, but I wolde not an-
swere, I beleued not thy wooz-

B v

des

SECOND

des, nor wolde abyde thy couns-
sayle.

I regarded not thy holy word:
and I gaue not my mind to thy
sayinges.

Thou haste stryken me, but
I wolde not knowe the cause
therof: thou haste corrected me,
but I wolde not take thy disci-
plyne.

I dyd not consyder in my hert,
that thou woldest not forgette
my synne and malice.

With my mouthe and my lyp-
pes I glorified the: but my hert
was farre from the.

I hyd my synne as Adam dyd:
to the intente to haue myne ini-
quitie vnknownen.

I aared not counsayle of thy
mouthe: and I wold not folow
the

PSALME.

thy lawe.

I haue synned befoze thyne eyes, and therfore my soule is made vnstable.

I forsoke the, whiche arte the fountaine of continuall spyn-
gynge waters: to the entent to digge to my selfe muddye pities,
whiche haue no water.

In all these thynges, I am not retourned to the: Nor I haue not praied vnto the, that I myghte leaue my wycked waies.

Se lord, and beholde, howe byle I am made: all the beaultie of my soule is perysht and gone: in so muche that nowe I dare not in any wise behold and loke vpon the.

And there was no cause why
I

SECOND

I should forsake the, and vaine-
ly folowe vaine thynges.

Lorde haue mercie vppon me,
and heare my pꝛaiers: foꝛ thou
arte my god, and there is no sa-
uiour besides the.

Turne away from me thy hea-
uie displeasure: and distroy me
not foꝛ the synnes of my youth.

I humbly beseeche the (**O** lord)
foꝛgeue me, foꝛgeue me foꝛ thy
excedyng mercie.

O lord god of hostes, if thou
be determined to saue, who can
let oꝛ resist: if thou stretche out
thy hande, who shall turne the
awaye?

Thou maiest do to me as the
potter doeth to his pottle: foꝛ (be-
holde) **I** am in thy hande, as the
clay is in his.

Amen

PSALME.

Amende me (O lord) but in
 mercie, not in thine angre, least
 thou vtterly consume me: make
 me to vnderstande and knowe
 how hurtful and deadly a thing
 it is to forsake the, my lord god,
 and to caste awaye from me, the
 feare of the.

There is no man, that can
 heale me nor cure my plage: no
 man can deliuer me, but thou
 (O lord) whiche woundest and
 makest hole: which strikest and
 healest againe.

My destruction cometh of my
 selfe: my helpe and saluacion
 standeth onely in the.

For none is like vnto the, thou
 arte mightie: and greate is the
 name of thy strength.

Turne me to the (O lord) and
 I shal

S E C O N D

I shall be tourned : take awaye
from me this synfull herte, that
thy lawe maie bring furth fruite
in me.

Remembze me lozde, for thy
goodnesse sake: and for the great
loue that thou bearest towar-
des me.

O lozde god (beholde) thou
haste made bothe heauen and
earth by thy great myght: and
nothyng is harde to the.

Thou arte that puissant and
mightie, whose name is the lozde
of hostes: great and meruailous
in thy counsaile.

As sone as thou haste spoken
the woꝛde, all thinges be done:
as soone as thou hast comman-
ded, thinges be: and thy woꝛde
returneth not to the, voide and
with

PSALME.

without effecte.

Thou (O lord god) shewest
mercie vnto al: for thou canst do
all: and thou makest as though
thou sawest not the synnes of
men, because they shulde do pe-
nance, and amende their liues.

For thou louest all thynges
that be: and hatest nothing that
thou haste made: for nothyng
thou madest or hast ordeined of
any hatred.

Thou sparest and tendrest all
men: for all thynges be thine, &
thou louest the soules of men.

Thou doest minister mercie, e-
quitie, and iustice in the earthe:
and therefore in these vertues
thou greatly delitest.

Truly (O lord) thou art righteous
& gracious, not withstanding I
haue

SECOND

haue offended the, transgressing
thy couenaunt, and trespassyng
agaynst the.

O lord, thou haste seen all my
abhomyacions : looke on my
cause, and consyder, howe vyle
and wretched I am : see and be-
holde my great confusion .

In the tyme of reconciliacion
heare me, and in the day of sal-
uacion haue mercy on me.

Be mercifull vnto me, & haue
mercy on me, whiche haue none
other helpe but the : whose wpll
nothyng can resiste : whan so e-
uer thou doest purpose to saue.

Here me, whiche am a wretche,
makynge supplicacion vnto the:
make me to truste in thy name:
and delyuer me by thy power.

Haue regarde to me from hea-
uen

P S A L M E.

uen, O lozde, and loke downe
from thy holy habitation : and
from the thzone of thy glozy.

Dstroye me not because of my
iniquitie : but remembze the so-
rowe and peine that I suffer.

Be not still angry with me (O
lozde) forget all my synnes, and
remembze them no longer.

Let my pzayer ascende vp vnto
the : saie vnto my soule, Be-
hold I am come to the, thy helth
and thy saluacion. Amen.

¶ The thirde psalme.

For remission of sinnes.

O God eternall, iuste and ho-
ly : whiche kepest couenant
and mercy with thē that loue the
and kepe thy cominandementes.

D

Loke

~~FIR~~STE

Take at me, and haue mercie
vpon me: for I haue trespassed
agaynst the: and done euill in
thy sight.

Shewe forth vppon me the
tender affections of thy mercie,
that thy seruaunt maie haue an
hert to praise vnto the.

I humbly make my prayer be-
fore thy face, not trustyng in
myne owne ryghtuousnesse, but
in thy great mercies.

For I am vnclene and filthy:
and al my rightousnesse is like
a foule blouddy cloute.

Vnto the (O lord) be iustice,
mercie, and pietie: but vnto me
be confusion and shame, for my
iniquities.

Certaynely euen from my be-
gynnyng I haue vsed my selfe
proude:

PSALME.

proudely against the, dooeyng
wickedly and ceassyng not.

O lord, thou haste redemed
me, and yet I haue not ceased
to offende the, and my hert hath
not ben streight in thy sight.

Thou hast taught and instru-
cted me, and stablissed my po-
wer, and I haue ben euill affe-
cted towarde the, beyngelike
vnto a deceitfull bowe.

My pride and presumption
accuse me to my face, I am ouer
thzowen in myne owne wicked-
nesse: I do seke the (O lord) I
beseeche the, that I maie finde
the: thou arte separated from
me: for I haue gredily folowed
filthinesse.

yet will I accuse mine owne
sinfull waies before the (O

Dii

lord)

lorde) vntyll thou haue mercie
vpon me, and receiue me again
into thy fauour.

God forbidd, that euer I shuld
depart from the again, and not
dyligently seke for thy promy-
ses.

I wyll neuer holde my peace,
nor keepe sylence : vntyll thou
haue establysshed that coue-
nant with me, whiche thou hast
made and ordeyned in tymes
past :

That is to saie, lyke as the
iustice of a iuste man shall not
delyuer or saue hym, what tyme
soeuer he shall offende : So the
wyckednesse of a wycked manne
shall not hurte hym, what tyme
so euer he shall retourne frome
his wyckednesse.

In

PSALME.

In hope of this (O lord
god) I wyl tary thy pleasure:
foz thou art good to theym that
trust in the, and to the soule that
seketh the.

Thou keepest thy trueth foz
euermore: and the woorde whi-
che issueth furthe of thy mouth,
shall not be voyde and of none
effecte.

Distroye me not (good lord)
foz my synnes: noz reserue not
eternall punyshement foz me.

Open thyne eies, and beholde
the greatnesse of my peine and
affliccion: foz my iniquitie is
greate in thy syghte: and my
synnes haue bzoughte me in to
this trouble.

Distroye me not vtterlye, noz

D iii.

leauē

SECONDE

leauē me in my sinnes : for thou
arte god of mercie, and beate
gracious.

Execute not the punyshe-
mente vppon me, whiche thou
haddest purposed : do to me
accordig to thy name : although
my defaultes and synnes be ma-
ny.

O lordē, thou arte my god :
and thy name hathē been putte
vppon me : Leauē me not in
the depenesse of my troubles .

Thou haste chastysed and re-
formed many, and haste streng-
thed the wery handes, thy wo-
des haue set vp hym that stage-
red: and thou hast made streight
the croked knees .

Wherefoze I wyll seeke the
O lordē

(O lord god) whiche haste
brought great thynges vnser-
cheable and innumerable.

Thou hast takenne vpp the
poore out of the duste, and haste
exalted theym, whiche were ab-
iectes.

For thou dooest delyuer the
poore in his myserie oute of the
strayte and bottomelesse pytte
of tribulacion: and oute of the
wyde mouthe of anguysshe and
affliccion, into reste and quiet-
nesse.

Thou arte gracious and mer-
ciful, for that thou shewest mer-
cie to them whiche bee not yet
come into the worlde: and thou
art very mercyful to them, whi-
che dilygently obserue and kepe
thy lawes: and thou doest paci-

ently suffre synners : geuyng
them tyme and place, whereby
they maie be changed from their
malyce.

Here me poze wretche makynng
supplicacion vnto the : for in the
and in thy name, I haue put my
trust and affiance.

Take me thy seruaunte vnto
the, and make me good, and let
me not be disappoynted of that
that I loke for.

Come agayne (O lord god)
and saue my soule : destroye me
not, whome thou hast redemed
by thy great myght and power.

Take not vpon the hardnes of
my herte, nor vpon my synnes :
but like as thou haste many ty-
mes shewed mercie : so now be
mercifull and forgeue me.

Here

PSALME.

Hear me (O lord) and be pacified: regard my prayer, and do according to thy great name.

O lord, I loke to haue helpe and saluacion from the: and this is my daylie meditacion, and exercise.

For thy mercies be great: and thy goodnes is inestimable.

Hear me now fauourably: and withholde thy mercies no longer from me.

In the way of thy iugementes I wyll loke after the: my soule desyeth to magnifie thy name, and to haue the in memory.

Incline my hert to do thy commaundementes: and direct my wayes euermore in thy sight.

Let me neuer hereafter goe awaie from thy waies: nor leaue

D v

me

3
SECOND

me not now in the depenesse of
my troubles.

Turne not thine eyes awaie
from me: but teache me (O lord.)
to do those thynges, whiche are
pleasaunte in thy sight.

Make a perpetuall leage and
couenaunte with me, that thou
wilt put thy feare into my hert:
that I neuer swarue from the in
al my lyfe.

Withdraue not thy goodnesse
from me for euer, but keepe thy
promyse and fidelitie.

Be good vnto me with bene-
uolence and fauoure: for thou
arte mercyfull, and thy displea-
sure continueth not for euer.

Remembze me with fauour
and kyndenesse: and visyte me
with thy saluacion.

PSALME.

I knowe (O loꝝde god) that
thou arte graciouse and mercy-
full, pacient, and of great mer-
cifulnesse.

Thou art good and merciful,
thou kepest couenant and mercy
with thy seruātes, which walke
befoze the in their hole hert.

There is none other god but
thou, whiche regardest and ca-
rest foꝝ all.

Foꝝ thou haste bene euer very
mercifull to me: deliuerpng my
soule from the Depe hell.

Let thy goodnes (O loꝝde) be
euer with me, foꝝ all my wealth
resteth onely in the.

In the tyme of tribulacion I
call vpon the (O loꝝde) foꝝ thou
art nigh vnto them, whiche call
vpon thy holy name.

Succour

~~SECOND~~

Succour me (O god) and loke
merily vppon me: Shewe me the
lyght of thy countenaunce: in
the my soulle trustethe, and my
herte reioyseth.

Let my prayer come vnto thy
thzone: bowe downe thine eare
vnto my crye.

Here me nowe beyng penitent
(O lord) whom thou haste hy-
therto patiently suffred: to thin-
tent I shuld repent and amende
my life.

O god, I haue opened vnto
the my life: saue me for thy name
sake: for my trust is in the.

What care I for worldly thin-
ges: This one thyng onely I
nede and desire, that I may find
grace and fauour in thy syghte,

Wherfore I beseeche the (O
lord)

PSALME.

Lozde god) take a wate from me
this peine and sozow: oꝛ at least
wyle mitigate and aswage it, o-
ther by comfozt oꝛ by counsaile,
oꝛ by what menes so euer it shall
be sene good to the.

The fourth psalme .is
a complaint of a penitent sinner,
whiche is soze troubled and
ouercome with sinnes.

O Lozde god mercyfull and
patient: and of much mer-
cifullnesse and trueth .

Whiche foꝛ thy haboundaunte
charitie, and accoꝛdyng to thy
great mercie, hast taken vs out
from the power of darknes: and
hast saued vs by the fountayne
of regeneracion and new birth,
and

~~SECOND~~

and the renewyng of the holpe
gost: whom thou hast shed vpon
vs abundantly by Iesu
Christ our sauour.

If I haue founde grace and
fauoure in thy sighte: suffre me
to speake a worde vnto the: and
be not displeased with me.

Why dooest thou euer forget
me: and leaueste me in the mid-
des of my troubles and euils:

Where is become thy zeale and
thy strength: where is the mul-
titude of thy tender affections:
and of thy mercies:

O lord, maie not he which is
fallen, rise vp againe: or maie
not he, whiche hathe gone away
from the, retorne to the againe:

Shal my sorow euer endure:
Shall my wounde be vncurable
and

PSALME.

and neuer healed :

How commeth it to passe, that
I still tourne awaie from the :
my sinne daylie increaseth, and
of my selfe I can not retourne.

In as much as it is not geuen
to man to directe his owne waies :
neither to make perfecte his
owne procedynges.

For in thy hande is the life of
euery lyuyng thyng : and the
spirite also of euerie man.

Thou sheweste thy mercye to
whom thou wilt : and thou art
gracious to thein, whom thou
fauourest.

Thou doeste kill, and thou dost
quicken : thou ledest downe to
hel gate, and bringest vp again.

Thy eies behold the waies of
euery man : and thou searcheste
the

~~SECOND~~

the hertes of men.

There is no place so secreete or darke, wherin synnes maie hide them selues from the.

Now any man maie so lurke and hide him selfe in caues: but thou shalt se him, whiche dooest fullfill bothe heauen and earthe in euery parte.

Why haste thou cast me awaie from thy p[re]sence: and takeste me for thy enemy:

Why haste thou layde vppon my heade the heauy weyghte of my sinnes: seyng no man is habile to beare thy displeasure.

What meaneth it, that thou shewest thy power agaynste a wretch: why distroiest me for the synnes of my youth:

If I haue synned, what shall

P S A L M E.

I do to the : and if my synnes
be increased, what shall I doe?

If I do iustly, what shall I
geue to the : or what shalt thou
receyue at my hande?

My wyckednesse shall hurt my
self : and my rightousnesse shall
pzoofite me.

The lyfe of man is a tempta-
cion vpon the earthe : and if I
haue synned (as all men haue)
what may I do?

Shall any man be fownde
cleane and withoute synne be-
foze the : or shall any manne be-
without default in his dedes?

Howe may a mortall man be
pure from sinne in thy syght : or
howe maye he, whiche is borne
of a woman be rightuous?

Remembze (O lord) I beseeche

the

the

FIRSTE

the, that thou haste made me of
the earthe: and that thou shalte
brynge me agayne into the dust
of deathe.

My dayes passe and vanyshe
awaye lyke smoke: they waste
daily, there is no taryeng.

My lyfe flyeth awaye as the
wynd: and considereth not that
whiche is good.

I was but lately bozne into
this world, and shortly I shalbe
taken awaye hence by death, I
neuer continue styl in one state.

The dayes of my life be fewe,
and short: thou haste appointed
an ende, which I shal not passe,

Naked and bare I came oute
of my mothers wombe: and na-
ked and bare I shall retourne
agayne: truely all men lyuing
are

P S A L M E,

are vanitie.

Haue pitie (O lozde) on them
that are in miserie : and dispise
not the woꝝkes of thy handes.

Though we synne , yet are we
vnder the : foꝝ we know thy po-
wer and strengthe : and if we
synne not, than are we sure that
thou regardest vs .

Ceasse thy indignacion (O
lozde) and tourne it from me :
and caste all my synnes behinde
thy backe.

Take away thy plages from
me : foꝝ thy punishment hath
made me both feble and fainte.

foꝝ whan thou chastisest a
man foꝝ his synnes, thou causest
hym by and by to consume and
pine away.

What so euer is delectable in

E. ii.

hym

FIRSTE

hym, perissheth like vnto the clo^s
the that is eatē with moughtes.
would god I hadde one to de=
fende me a while, vntill thy an=
ger were tourned away : or that
thou wouldest sette me a time,
in the whiche thou wouldest re=
membze me.

I am cleane caste away from
thy pzeſence : Shall I neuer here
after ſe thy face againe ?

Beholde, I haue opened the
griefes of my ſoule: the daies of
my ſozowes haue taken me.

The flouddeſ of tribulacion
compaſſe me round about : and
the ſtreames of thy fury runne
ouer me.

And I crye vnto the (O lord
god) but thou hearest me not :
I aſke mercie : but thou reie=
ctest

test my praier.

Why thrustest thou downe
a poore wretch from thy pre-
sence? or why forsakest me so
longe time?

Why takest not away my ini-
quitie? and why puttest thou
not away the wickednesse of my
herte?

Arise and tary no longer (O
lozde) arise, and reiecte me not
for euer.

Haue me in remembraunce, I
beseeche the: for I thoroughly
tremble and shake for feare.

yet I wil not hold my tonge,
but crye stille vnto the with a
mournyng and an heauy herte.

Turne away the stroke of thy
vengeance from me: byng my
minde out of troubles in to rest.

~~SECONDE~~

I am here no longer continu-
er, but a pilgrym and a straun-
ger as all other mortall men be.
And what is man, that thou
shuldest be angry with hym? or
what is mankynde, that thou
shouldest be so heauy lozde vn-
to vs?

What, wilt thou bryng sorowe
vpon sorowe? I pant for peyne
and fynde no rest.

My sorowe greueth me whan
I shuld eate, and sodaine sighes
ouerwhelme my herte.

I am as if my bones were all to
broken, whan I here myne ene-
mies rayle vpon me, and saie to
me day by day, wher is thy god?

Why tournest thou thy face a-
waye frome these thynges (O
lozde?) why hast thou no regard
of

of my trouble :

I earnestly make my prayers
dayly in thy syght : and the he-
ynesse of my herte I do shewe
vnto the.

My spirite is careful and trou-
bled within me : and desperati-
on hath entred into my herte .

Is it thy pleasure (O lord
god) to cast awaye thyne owne
handy worke ?

Delpyuer my soule from cor-
ruption, and my life from euer-
lastyng darknesse .

What auayleth it me, that e-
uer I was bozne, if thou caste
me streight into damnacion : se-
ynge that the deade shall not
praise the, nor any of them whi-
che go downe to hell .

I haue synned, what shall I

do to the: why hast thou put me
to be contrary to the: I am we-
ry of myne owne selfe.

Why serchest thou out my sin-
nes so narrowly: whan there is
na man that can take out of thy
hande:

If I wolde saye, that I were
ryghtuous and without sinne:
than thou myghtest worthly
condemne me to the fyre prepa-
red for the diuel and his angels.

But I cōfesse, that I am a sin-
ner, and I do humble my herte
in thy syghte.

Surely if any man wold stāde
with the in iugemēt, he shall not
be able to answer one woꝛde to
a thousande thynges, wherwith
thou mightest charge hym.

This maketh me to feare all
my

PSALME.

my dedes : knowyng that thou
sparest not hym that offendeth.

If I loke vpon thy power, O
howe mightie and stronge thou
arte: if I shal cal for iudgement,
who shall defende my matier, or
speake for me?

To the (O lord) I cal and crye:
to the my god, I make myne
humble suite.

Turne away thine angre from
me : that I maie knowe, that
thou arte moze mercifull vnto
me than my synnes deserue.

What is my strength, that I
maie endure? or what is thende
of my trouble, that my soule
maie patiently abide it?

My strength is not a stonie
strength: and my fleshe is not
made of brasle.

E. v.

There

~~SECOND~~

There is no helpe in my selfe,
and my strengthe fleeth awaye
from me .

Although thou hide these thinges
in thy herte : yet I knowe
that thou wilt remeindre me at
length.

For thou art true and iust (O
lord god) thou dost not condene
vniustely: which rewardest man
according to his desertes .

All this is com vnto me because
I haue forgotten the: & not vled
my selfe truely in thy testament.

My hert hath turned backe-
ward: and I haue folowed the
desires of my fleshe .

And thou hast surely knowen
this thing: whiche knowest the
secretes of the herte .

Lay not agaynst me (O lord)
the

PSALME.

the synnes of my youthe : noz
haue in remembzance mine olde
iniuries done against the.

Daily sorowe ouercometh me:
and sadnesse possesseth my herte.
I loke after peace, but I cā not
haue it : I loke for a time of hel-
the, but my grieve cōtinueth stil.

When the time of thine angre
is past, leat inercie come, yet am
I vnhappye moze and moze.

Woo and alas that euer I sin-
ned: my herte therfore mourneth
and is sad, all mirth and ioye be
banished from me.

Howe am I wasted : howe mi-
serably am I confounded : be-
cause I haue forsaken and caste
awaye thy lawe.

Death hath ascended vp by the
windowes : persyng the inward
partes

~~SECOND~~

partes of my herte.

When I daily, one while muse
secretely with my selfe, an other
while with loude voyce crye out
and complaine: the meane tyme
my lyfe draweth nere to the pit.

Who shall geue me a place to
reste in from all my griefes and
troubles: and I will forsake
all men, and geat me away from
theim.

Who shal geue me water to my
hed, and a fountaine of teares to
mine eies: that I maie bewaile
my synnes both night and daye.

And I will loke for hym, whi-
che maie saue me: and deliuer me
from the wꝛath to come.

I haue no trust neither in life
nor death: but I feare thy iud-
gement (O lord) and the peines

PSALME.

prepared for wicked sinners.

The feare of my synne maketh me carefull: and the burdeine of my cōscience oppzesseth me soze.

O god, whiche tenderly louest mankinde, and arte most ryghtfull iudge: spare me nowe I beseeche the, and shewe me some fauour while time is.

Forgeue that whiche I feare, put away that whiche I dread: before I departe hence and shall not retourne againe.

My synnes do bere and trouble me soze: they be so great that none can be greater.

Alas my fall, alas my miserie, alas the grieve of my plage and stroke: certainly my synne is the cause of all this, and so I will take it and suffre it.

The

~~SECOND~~

CThe fifth psalme.

For the obtayning of godly
wisedome.

O Lozde god of mercie, which
by thy woozde haste made
all thynges : and by thy wise-
dome hast created man.

O god eternall , to whom, all
thynges be knowen, be they ne-
uer so secrete: whiche knowest all
thynges befoze they be done.

Open my lippes and my
mouth, that I maie speake and
shewe forth the glozie and pzeise
of thy name.

Geue me a newe herte , and a
right spirite : and take from me
all wicked and sinfull desires.

O lozd, I am folishe, ignozant,
and blind, whan I am destitute
of

PSALME.

of thy knowlege.

I am ignoraunt and without
intelligence, my dulnesse is so
greate, that my eies can not see,
nor my herte perceyue.

yea I am a very babe and a
chylde, and know ful littel mine
owne lyfe and conuersacion.

My lippes be defiled and vn-
cleane, my time is short, & I am
not able to vnderstand thy law.

Geue thy seruant, I besech the,
an herte apte to take learnyng:
that I may knowe what thing
is acceptable in thy syghte at
all tymes.

Sende downe from heuen the
spirite of thy wisdom, & replenish
my herte with knowlege therof.

Thy wysedome geueth trewe
knowelege: and oute of thy
mouth

mouth proceedeth bothe counsaile and intelligence.

Thy wysedome openeth the mouth of the dumme: & maketh the tonge of infantes eloquent.

If any seme to be perfecte among men: yet if thy wysedome forsake hym: he shall be reckened nothyng worth.

Thy mysedome is to menne a treasure that fayleth not: which who so vse, thei are ioined to god in loue and amitie.

Howe well it is with that man whiche is witty in this behalfe: and hath his soule indued with thy wysedome.

What man in all the worlde knoweth thy counsaile: or who can compasse in his mynd what thy wyll is:

who

P S A L M E.

Who can comprehend thy purpose and mind: except thou giue him wisdom, and instruct him with thy holy spirite.

For mens reasons do faile in many thynges: and their forecastes and inuencions be vncertaine and vn sure.

For the mortal and corruptible body muche greueth the soule, and the earthly house of the body holdeth downe the mind, musyng vpon many thynges.

Counsaille and good successe commeth from aboue: where also wisdom is and vertue.

With the (Glorye) is ryches, glory, and righteousnes, whiche be treasures incorruptible.

He that hath founde out the: hath founde lyfe: and he that
If loueth

loueth not the, loueth death .

O lord god, touche my mouth,
that my iniquitie maye be dry-
uen awaye : dwelle thou in my
herte, that my synnes maie bee
purged .

Wysedome doeth not enter
into a malyciouse soule : nor wil
abyde in a body, whiche is sub-
iecte to synne.

Teache me (O lord god) least
my ignoraunce increase, and my
synnes waxe mo and mo .

Let thy spirite teache me the
thynges that be pleasaunt vnto
the, that I maye be led into the
streight way out of errour, wher
in I haue wandred ouer longe.

Let thy wysdome be stablished
in my spirite: and write thy lawe
in my herte .

Thy

P S A L M E.

Thy wisdom is to me more
precious then all riches : and I
desire more to haue it then all o-
ther thynges, be they neuer so
faire and goodly.

O lord, thou knowest, how
sooe I am enflamed with the
loue of thy wisdom, whiche is
my onely study and meditation.

O how pleasant and swete thy
wordes be to my herte : truely
much more then honie is to my
mouthe.

Thy word is a bright candell to
my feete, & a light to my wayes.

Thy wisdom pleseth me more
then thousandes of golde or of
siluer can do.

I haue more pleasure and de-
lectacion in the way of thy wise-
dome : then in great abundance

of treasure.

Wolde god my wayes maie be
so ordered, that I may lerne thy
wisedome, and thy woordes.

Thy worde geueth heate and
inflameth : wherfoze I greatly
desire it.

O happie is he (lorde) whome
thou instructest: and makest ler-
ned in thy lawe.

His soule shall alwaye studie
wisedome: And his tonge shall
speake iudgement.

The lawe of god shall be wryt-
ten in his herte: and he shall not
be ouerthrowen as he goeth.

O lord, which art my god and
my sauiour, here my prayer, and
my tongue shall euer speake and
set out thy mercies.

Geue me wisedome, whiche is
assistens

PSALME

assistent to thy thzone : that I
maie discerne betwene good and
euill, and maie knowe thy holy
mysteries.

Ope mine eies, that I may per
ceiue and behold the wonderfull
thynges, whiche be in thy lawe.

Remembze thy worde nowe I
call vpon the: for I haue put my
hope in it, make me to knowe
the waye of thy wisdom: and
hyde not thy knowlage from
me.

Oder me accoꝝdyng to thy
mercie, and disapoynt me not of
that I loke for.

Teache me ryght wisdom and
intelligence: for thy wisdom is
all that I desire.

Put thy worde in my mouth :
and fasten thy wisdom in my
herte.

SECONDE

herte.

Lette thy wisedome rule and
guide my thoughtes : that they
maie alwaies please the.

Thy wordes be wonderful and
marueilous : wherfoze my soule
deliteth in them.

Thy wisedome is perfect : and
thy knowlage is clere, and ge-
ueth light to the eies.

It is moze amiable then golde
and pzeious stones, it is farre
swetter then the honie combe.

Thy wisedome is pure and vn-
defiled, & maketh soules strong,
thy wordes be certaine and true,
and geue vnderstandyng vnto
the simple.

Whan shall he that erreth in
his spirite, haue knowlage : and
whan shall he that is ignorant
haue

PSALME

haue learnyng :

Whan wylte thou sende downe
thy holpe spyryte frome aboue:
whan shall the blynde herte bee
lightned with knowelage: when
shall the tongue that stamereth,
be made eloquent:

I am lyke a babe without wis-
dome and dyscrecion: leate thy
stronge hande (O lord) be my
healpe.

I knowe, that thou canste do
all thynges: and no thyng is
hard to the.

Thou arte greatte (O lord)
and canste not bee knowen, and
thy wisdom is infinite.

I haue decleared my cause bee-
foze the: do with thy seruant ac-
cozdyng to thy great mercy.

I iiii

Loke

~~SECONDE~~

Loke towarde me, and haue
mercy vpon me: that I may bring
to passe that, whiche I beleue
and thinke, maie be done by the.

Make the waie of thy wisdom
known vnto me, and reple-
nyshe my herte with the knowe-
lage thereof.

Here my voyce (O lord) accor-
dyng to thy mercie: intreate me
accor dyng to iudgement.

Geue glory vnto thy name (O
lorde) for thou onely arte good
and wyse: and there is none o-
ther sauour beside the.

Here me (O lord) for thy name
sake: and withhold not thy mer-
cy from me.

My lippes shal speake and set
forth thy laud and praise: whan
thou hast taught me thy wisdom.

Then

Then I will declare thy mer-
uayles : that other also maie be
conuerted vnto the.

And maie blesse thy name for
euer, world without end, Amen.

The syxt psalme.

A christian man praieth, that he
maie be heard of god.

O Lord, heare my prayers :
and let my crye come to the.
Turne not away thy face from
me in the day of my tribulacion.

What daie soeuer I shall call
vpon the: here me (O lord god.)

For thou art great and wo:
kest wōders: thou only art god:

Also thy woꝝkes be great: thy
thoughtes bee very pꝛofounde
and depe.

F.v.

Boke

~~SECOND~~

Bow downe thine eare vnto
me: and here me, for I am poore,
and without helpe.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord)
for when trouble cometh, I flee
vnto the for succour.

Make gladde the soule of thy
seruaunt: For I haue lyfted vp
my herte vnto the.

O lord, thou art good and mer-
cifull: and of much mercie to al
them that call vpon the.

Here my requeste and petici-
on: and graciously accepte my
prayers.

O lord god, in the I trust: let
me not bee confounded, I besee-
che the: Deliuer me in thy rygh-
tuousnesse.

Hearken vnto the voyce of my
crye (O my kynge and my god)
for

PSALME.

For I make my humble suite
vnto the.

Here my voice, with whiche I
call vpon the: haue mercie vpon
me, and saue me.

My pzaiers be euer vnto the
(O lord god) if that the time
of thy gracious pleasure shall
come, when that accoꝝdyng to
the multitude of thy mercie thou
wylte here me in the trueth of thy
health.

Haue regard vnto me (O lord)
for thy mercie is swete, accoꝝ-
ding to the multitude of thy mer-
cies, loke vpon me.

Go not farre awaye from me
(O my god) but make haste to
helpe me.

Let my woꝝdes be pleasant vn-
to the: & make that the though-
tes

S Y X T E

tes and meditation of my herte
maie be acceptable afoze the.

Turne not away thy face from
thy seruaunt, for trouble riseth
vp against me on euery syde:
wherfoze now succour me.

My hert desireth the, my soule
seketh for the: I tary and loke
whan I maie beholde thy face.

Turne not away thy face from
me, caste not away thy seruaunt
in a displeasure.

Thou hast alwayes helped me
befoze this time: forsake me not
nowe in my moste nede, O my
lorde and my god.

To the I crye daily, go not a-
way from me: and turne not the
desse eare vnto me.

Cause my prayer to entre into
thy ptesence: and let my crye come
vnto

vnto the.

Here me (O lozde) for I lifte
vppe my mynde vnto thy holie
temple.

Helpe nowe in time of trouble,
for vaine is the helpe of man.

I loke after thy helpe (O lozd)
and to thy iudgementes my will
is confozinable.

Loke vnto me, and take pitie
vppon me : for I am pooze and
lefte alone.

O lozde god of hostes, if thou
wilt, thou maiest helpe me : no-
thing can ouercome thy stréngth.

My god, my god, leaue me not
in these greuous tribulacions
for thy great names sake.

O god, make hast to deliuer me,

O lozd make spede to helpe me.

Be contêted to deliuer me : for

158. 6.
~~SECOND~~

in the I truste (O lord god.)

Beholde, I haue no helpe in
my selfe: there is no man that
regardeth my necessitie.

I am pooze, and in miserie,
and greatte calamitie: and my
strengthe is gone from me.

Arise vp (O lord) and declare
thy glorie vnto thy seruaunt,

Let saluacion and helth come
to me from the: that all my en-
emies maie be ashamed.

Thine arme is mightie and
stronge: and when thou wilt,
al thynges be obedient vnto the.

Heauen is thine, yea and the
earth is thine: thou madest the
worlde, and all that is therein.

Let thy mercie comforte me:
which surely I desire moze than
this life.

I sticke

PSALME.

I stycke to thy testimonies
(O lord) leat me not bee con-
founded.

Out of the depe I haue called
vnto the (O lord:) lord heare
my voyce.

O leat thine eares marke well
the voyce of my complaint.

O lord, if thou impute my sin-
nes vnto me: howe maie I loke
for thy grace and pardon?

But thy mercye exceedeth all
thynges: and thy trueth passeth
the heauens.

Wherefore my soule hath lo-
ked to the: and to the makethe
humble prayers.

O god, be not styll, kepe not
silence: but for thine owne sake
see that thy holy name bee not
dishonoured

disshonoured.

Extend out thy mercie to them
that calle vppon the, and thy
ryghtuousnesse to them that
seke the.

I haue caste my burdein vpon
the, beare me vp: and leate me
not alwayes bee in wauerynge
seing that I haue putte my trust
in the.

My soule cleaueth vnto the
make thy right hand to strengthe
me agaynste the power of myne
enemies.

Here me (O lord) and deli-
uer me: incline thine eares vnto
to my prayers, and saue me, for
I am pooze: O lord, haue re-
garde vnto me.

Thou (O lord god) arte my
helpe and my sauour.

O god

P S A L M E.

O god, thy waie is holie and
ryghtfull, what god is so great
as thou (our god) art :

Thou doest ineruailous thin-
ges : thy name is the lord : thou
lonely arte the hyghest vppon all
the earthe.

Be nowe pacified toward thy
seruant : and hide thy face from
me no longer.

Be good vnto me (lord) as
thou arte full of goodnesse thy
selfe, that I maie glorie in the
all the daies of my life.

My lippes reioyce to synge
praysse vnto the : and euen soo
doth my soule, whiche thou hast
redeemed.

My herte shall alwayes study
thy ryghteousnesse, whan they
shall be confounded, whiche seke

G

to

SEVENTH

to do me harme.

I will runne all the waye of
thy commaundementes : whan
thou shalte dilate and enlarge
my herte. Amen.

The seventh psalme.

For an order and direccion
of good liuyng.

TO the (O lord) I lifte vp
my minde.

In the I truste (O lord god)
let me not be confounded, lest my
enemies make me their testyng
stocke, and a matier to laugh at.

O lord, make thy wayes kno-
wen vnto me : and trade me in
thy pathes.

Directe me in thy trueth, and
instructe me : for thou arte god
my

my sauour: I loke after the e-
uery day.

O lord, thou arte sweete and
rightfull: and bringest againe
into thy waye, them that went
out.

Thou ledest streyght in thy
iudgement them that be mylde
and tractable: and techest them
that be meeke, thy wordes and
testimonies.

Thou healest them that be
contrite in herte: and asswagest
their peines and griefes.

Thou holdest vp al them, whi-
che els shuld fall: and al that are
fallen, thou liftest vp againe.

Thou geuest syghte to the
blinde: and locest them that be
bounden.

Thou art nygh vnto all them
G ii that

SEVENTH

that call vpon the : so that they
call vppon the faythfully and
hartily.

Thou fulfillest the desire of
them that feare the : and hearest
their pzaier, and sauest them .

Haue mercie vpon me (O god)
haue mercie vpon me : for in the
my soule trusteth.

Verily my soule hath a special
respecte vnto the : for my helth,
my glorie, and all my strength
cometh from the.

For thine owne sake (O lord
god) laye not my synnes to my
charge.

I vnderstande not all mine er-
rors : innumerable troubles
close me rounde about, my syn-
nes haue taken holde vpon me:
and I am not able to loke vp .

Put

PSALME

Put to thy hande to helpe me:
and leade me ryghte in all my
workes.

Make me to walke perfectly
in thy wayes, that no kynde of
synne ouercome me.

Set a watche befoze my mou-
the: and keepe the dooze of my
lippes.

Let the wordes of my mouth
and the meditacion of my herte
be euer pleasant and acceptable
in thy sight.

Let the worde of trueth ne-
uer go away from my mouth:
and suffre no malice to dwell in
my herte.

O lord, deliuer my soule from
lyng lippes: and saue me from
the deceitefull tongue.

Put into my mouth thy true

G iii

and

~~EIGHT~~

And holy worde : and take cleane
from me all idell and vnfruite-
full speche.

Delyuer me from false sur-
mises, and accusacions of men :
Rule me euen as thou thynkest
good , after thy will and plea-
sure.

Tourne away mine eies, that
they beholde no vaine thynges :
fasten them in thy way.

Take from me fornicacion &
all vncleannesse : and let not the
loue of the fleshe beguile me.

yea delyuer my soule from
pride , that it reigne not in me :
and than shall I be cleane from
the greatest synne.

Stay and kepe my feete from
euery ill waye, lest my steppes
swarue from thy pathes.

My

PSALME

My eyes loke euer vpppe vnto
the (O lozde) because thou arte
nigh at hand: and all thy wayes
be the trueth.

Thy mercies be great and ma-
nie (O lozde) blessed is he, who
so euer trusteth in the.

Foz whan I sayde vnto the,
my feete be slipped: Thy mer-
cie (O lozde) by and by did holde
me vp.

Teache me to do thy will, and
leade me by thy pathe way, foz
thou arte my god.

O lozde, saue my soule, and
delyuer me from the power of
darkenesse.

Leat the brightnesse of thy
face, shine vpon thy seruaunt,
foz vnto the (O lozde god) I
haue fledde foz succour.

~~EIGHT~~

Loke vnto me, and haue mercie vppon me: for I am desolate and pooze.

Kepe my soule, and deliuer me, that I be not confounded: for I haue trusted in the.

O lord god, forsake me not: although I haue doen no good in thy sight.

For thy goodnesse graunt me, that at the lest wise nowe I maie begynne to liue well. Amen.

C The eyght psaline.

A Christen man prayeth, that he maie be defended from his ennemyes.

O God almightie, saue me from mine ennemies: and by thy stronge power defende and

PSALME.

and kepe me.

Preserue my soule, for thou
art holie : saue thy seruant, whi-
che trusteth in the.

For straungers do assaute me
daily : and seke my soule to di-
stroy it.

O god, helpe thou me : O lord,
deliuer me from them that ryle
vp against me.

Be ready (O god) to succour
me : make haste to helpe me, O
lozde.

Be thou my protectour and a
place of strength:wherin I may
safely be.

For thou arte my strength and
my refuge : for thy name sake
leade and guide me.

Take me (O god) out of the
handes of mine enemies : & cast

G b

me

me not away in the time of tribulation : whan all my mighte is decayed and gone.

Healpe me (O lord god) and saue me for thy mercies sake.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord) the god of my health : and in thy righteousnesse deliuer me,

From the vexacion of them that persecute me : from the assaulte of myne ennemies : whiche compasse me about on euery syde.

Let them be confounded and brought to nought, whiche be aduersaries vnto my soule : leat them be couered with shame & rebuke, whiche seke my hurt.

Leat them tourne backe with rebuke and shame, whiche saie, god hath forsaken him : leat vs
set

PSALME.

sette on hym and take hym : for
there is none that shall delyuer
hym.

Conioyne thy self (O god) vn-
to my soule : make it strong, and
delyuer me from mine enemies .

Distroy theim by thy power :
and byng to noughte all their
strength.

That they reioyce not and say
amonge theim selues , we haue
ouercome hym, and vtterly cast
hym downe.

Save me (o lord god) for in the
haue I trusted : say to my soule,
be not afraid, for I am with the.

It is in thy hande, what shall
come of me, delyuer me fro mine
enemies, for yet they cease not.

Their cruelty encreaseth daily
more and more , and companies
of

E Y G H T

of tyrauntes violently come on
me, and they haue not the befoze
their eies.

But thou (O lozde) arte gra-
cious and mercifull, and suffrest
long: and thy mercie and trueth
be great.

Loke vnto me, and haue mer-
cie vpon me: endue thy seruaunt
with some of thy strength: for I
cal vpon the, and earnestlie make
my praiers in thy syght.

My ennemies reioyse, that I
am fallen, and that my hert hath
turned out of thy way.

But I trust in thy mercie, and
my hert is comforted in hope to
haue helpe & saluaciō from the.

For thou art good and graci-
ous, thy mercie endureth euer,
and thy trueth continueth from
one

PSALME.

one generacion to an other.

Let al them reioyce in the, and
be glad, whiche seke the: and let
them whiche loue to haue salua-
cion of the, saie, Magnified be
the lord for ever. Amen.

The ninth psalme.

agaynst ennemies.

S Lord and behold, how ma-
ny they be, which trouble me,
how manie, which make rebelli-
on against me.

They saie among them selues
of my soule: there is no helpe of
god for it to trust vpon.

O lord god, in the I haue put
my hope and trust: saue me from
them, whiche doe persecute me,
and deliuer me.

Test

NINTH

Least peraduenture at one time
or an other they take my life from
me: and there be none to deliuer
me from them.

Haue pitie vpon me (O lord)
Take vpon the affliction, which
I suffre of my enemies.

Forget not thy pooze seruaunt,
suffre not them whiche be op-
pressed to loke for helpe alwaies
in vaine.

Put them to flight: disapoint
them of their purposes: Cast them
downe hedling as their wicked-
nesse hath deserued, for they are
traitours & rebels against the.

Let their power be brought to
nought: and their wickednesse
light vpon their owne heades.

Let the wicked synners re-
turne into hell, and let them fall
and

PSALME.

and be taken in the pitte, whiche
they haue digged.

I will truste in the (O lord)
whiche sauest theim, that in the
put their confidence.

They saie, that thou forgettest
thy seruautes, and that thou
hidest thy face, because thou wilt
not see their trouble.

Their pride is to vs muche
griefe and vexacion: and they
glozie and triumph in our trou-
ble and aduersitie.

Howe long (O lord) wilt thou
stande asarre of, and hyde thy
selfe in the tyme of tribulacion?

Howe longe shall the wicked
dispise the: and say in their hert,
that thou regardest nothyng.

Rise vp (O lord) stretche out
thy hande: forgette not them:
which

whiche be oppzessed.

Byyng downe the power of the wicked: that they maie perishe together with their wickednesse.

Let thy zeale sodenly come vppon them: the firy thunderboltes and the spirite of the wherle wynde be porcion of their parte.

Preuent me in the daie of my tribulacion: and deliuer me out of my distresses.

Haue mercie vppon me, for I am troubled on euery syde: and my strength is decayed through mine iniquitie.

Mine ennemies speake of me muche shame and rebuke: and they are holely bent to take my life from me.

The peynes of death compasse me rounde about: and the flud-

DES

P S A L M E.

des of my lines trouble me sore.

The ropes of hel be tied round about me: and I am wrapped in the snares of death: and whiche waie so euer I go, I fynde stumblyng blocks, to overthrow me.

Stand vpon (O lord) and punish this naughty people, and deliuer me from my deceitfull enemies.

Here me in the daie of my tribulacion: Let thy mightie name defend me.

For thou arte my fortesse, and my glorie: and bearest vpon my weakenes and infirmitie.

Saue me lord, I beseeche the, that mine enemies preuaile not against me.

Wolue oute thy indignacion
vpon

~~THE XI.~~

Upon them: and let the wrath of
thy fury beere and trouble them.

Let them be confounded for e-
uer: yea let them tremble and pe-
rishe together.

Let the fall into the depe pit: &
neuer be able to rise vp agayne.

That thei may know thy name
to bee the lord of hostes onely
mightie and high worlde with-
out ende. Amen.

The tenth psalme.

When the enemies be so cruell, that he
can not suffre them.

Haue mercie vppon me (O
god) for mine ennemie trea-
deth me vnder his fete: he ceas-
eth not to assaulte me, and to do
me muche griefe.

P S A L M E.

He alwais coueteth to swalowe
me vp: & mani ther be that proud
ly brag and crake against me.

They gather them selues to-
gether in corners: they watche
my steppes, how they maie take
my soule in a trappe.

They be lyke vnto a lyon that
is greedy of his praye, and lyke
a yong lyon they priuely lye in
wayte for me.

They do beset my wayes, that
I shoulde not escape: they loke
and stare vpon me, to take me
in their snare.

They haue prepared a net for
my feete: they haue digged a
deepe pit, that my soule myghte
fall therein.

Make me strong (O lorde god)
by thy might and power: make
H i i m p.

my way persite before the .

Kepe my steppes continually
in right pathes, lest perchaunce
my feete begin to slyppe .

I am so vexed, that I am vt-
terly werie : healpe me against
them that lie in waite for me .

Make thy mercie to be meruei-
lous in me : & delyuer my soule
out of their handes .

Hide me from the company of
the wicked , and from the rage
of them that worke iniquitie .

Accordyng to thy great mercie
quicken me, that now in my so-
rowe I be not broughte vnder
the power of mine ennemy, whi-
che rageth against me .

Send forth thy lyght and thy
trueth, and they shall leade me
vnto thy holy hill, and into thy
taber-

tabernacles.

Instructe and teache my handes to battaile: make my armes strong like abowe of steele.

Girde me with strength to battaile: ouerthrowe them that arise against me.

Instruct me in the way, wherein I maie walke: pꝛouide for me by thy ouersyght.

Cast downe mine enemies before my face: and destroy them that hate me.

Lest mine ennemies overcome me, and the companies of tyrantes ouerwhelme me.

Make my feete to be stedfast: and my pathes streight.

They reioyce and be glad of my fall and declination: they be assembled together against me:

THE TENTH

they strike to kil me in the waie
befoze I may beware of them.

They curse and ban my woordes
des euerye day : and all their
thoughtes be set to do me harm.

My life is as it wer in the mid-
des of fierse lyons : whose tethe
be lyke vnto speares : and their
tongue lyke a sharpe swearde.

And who shall stand with me a-
gainst al these: or who shall ouer-
come these woordes of iniquitie

They shall flee and runne a-
way (O lord) as sone as thou re-
bukest them: fro the voice of thy
thunder they shall run hedlyng.

which lokest vpon the earthe,
& it holely quaketh : which tou-
chest the hilles, and they smoke:
Iugemēt procedeth fro thy face,
thine eyes do approue equitie.

Repe

PSALME

Kepe me (O loꝝde) from myne
aduersaries: and vnder the sha-
dowe of thy wynges defend me.

Judge them that hurt me:
fght agaynste them that fight
with me.

Let them go backwarde and
haue yll lucke, whiche persecute
me: put them to shame, that will
my hurte.

Make them to be as duste in
the wynde: and let thy aungell
bere and disquiet them.

Let them vanyshe awaie lyke
smoke: and as waxe meltethe
with the heate of the fyꝛe, so leat
them perissh (O loꝝde) from thy
sight and pꝛesence.

Beate them downe, that they
be not able to stand: neuer geue
ouer, vntil thou haue vtterly di-

H.iii.

stroied

THE TENTH

stroyed them.

Make their waies darke and
 myppy: and let thine angel fier:
 vpon them.

And thou (O lord god) haue
 mercy vpon me: send me healpe,
 and than I shalbe able to resiste
 them.

For I am weake and in sorow:
 geue thou me health and salua:
 tion.

Let thy hand correcte and cha:
 stise me: but delyuer me not vn:
 to mine enemies.

My soule is fylled with the
 scornynge and derision that mine
 enemyes haue at me: and
 with the dispitfullnesse of the
 proude.

My soule is cleane discouraged
 within me: it groneth & freteth
 in

PSALME.

in it selfe agaynste me: yet wyll
I truste in the: for that I shall
restones geue the thākes again
for the helpe and saluacion that
thou sendest me.

For thy very trueth now helpe
me, O thou which art my helth,
and the hope and comferte of all
regions of the earth, and of the
maine sea.

Whiche by thy power ruleste
from the beginnyng: thyn eies
beholde all thynges.

What god is there but thou:
who is so stronge as thou oure
god?

In thy proteccion I wil trust:
vntyll iniquitie bee passed and
gone.

In the, I shalbe stronge and
sure for euermore.

H. b.

The

The . xi . psalme.

**Of confidence and
trust in god.**

O Lord, whiche art my lyght
and my helthe : of whome
shall I be afrayd :

O lord thou art the strengthe
of my lyfe : in the I wyl ever
truste.

For like as the herte (when
he is chased) coueteth to the ry-
uers of water: euen so (**O** lord)
my soule desyrethe to bee with
the.

My soule thyresteth to be with
the : for with the is the fountain
of life and recreation in aduer-
sitie.

Here in this worlde is la-
bour , and peine : calamitie and
miserie.

myserie.

We haue battaile dailely with enemies: we haue no rest here so longe as we lyue.

But when soeuer we put oure trust in thy helpe: then we shalbe sure by thy proteccio: sayng vnto the, Thou art our defendour, our refuge, and our god, and in the we truste.

Thou shalte delyuer me from the snares of the hunters: and from the perylls of my persecutors.

Thou shalt make a shadowe for me vnder thy shulders: & vnder thy winges I shalbe harmlesse.

Thy trueth shalbe my shyelde and buckeler: and no euill shall appoche nere vnto me.

And therefore if my ennemies
shal

~~THE TENTH~~

shall warre agaynste me, that
they maie deuour me holely: yet
I wyll not flee, nor tourne my
backe.

Although neuer so strong e-
nemies shall pitche their tentes
agaynst me, my hert shall not be
a frayde: if death sodenly come
vpon me, in the, wyll I reste
without feare.

Thou shalt hyde me in thy
tabernacle, in the time of aduer-
sitie: thou shalt hyde me in
some secreete place of thy tente:
thou shalt set me vppon a sure
rocke.

Thou shalt lifte me vp a-
boue my ennemies besiegeyng
me rounde aboute: and thou
shalt delyuer me oute of their
handes.

It

PSALME.

If I shal walke in the middes
of tribulacion, thou shalte kepe
me, and shalte stretche forth
thy hande agaynst myne enne-
mies : and thy ryght hand shall
saue me.

O lord, thou shalte doe and
bryng to passe al thynges for me,
thy mercie endureth euer : thou
wylte not dispise thy owne han-
dy worke.

Thou shalte leade me oute of
the nette, whiche mine eunemies
haue spede abrode to catche me
in : thou shalte take me oute of
their pit.

O how great be the good thin-
ges, whiche thou layest vppon in
store for them that feare the :
which also thou shewest to them
that trust in the, euē in the sight
of

of the childzen of men.

Thou hidest them in the secret place of thy countenance from trouble of ennemies : and from their contencions

O lord, what a precious treasure is thy goodnesse : and men shall trust in thy proteccion .

They shall bee fylled with the plentyfulnesse of thy house : and thou shalt make them drynke of thy riuer of deinties.

They shall drynke with the of the fountaine of lyfe, and in thy lyght they shall se lyght .

Thy ryghtuousnesse is as the hyghest mountaynes : and thy iudgementes be lyke vnto the depe bottomles waters.

Thy mercie stretcheth vp to the heauens : and thy trueth ascendeth

PSALME.

cendeth vp to the same.

O lord god, thou haste euer
from age to age, ben our refuge
and succour.

Befoze the foundations of the
earth were leide, without begin-
nyng and endyng thou art god.
O my god, thou hast helped me
euer from my youth: and vntill
my olde age and last dayes foze-
sake me not.

I wil acknowlage, that I haue
all my strengthe of the, foze thou
arte my pzotection, my god, and
my sauiour.

And therefoze what tyme so-
euer I shall be afrayed: I wyll
trust in the.

What tyme soeuer I shall call
vppon the: I knowe that thou
arte my god.

Repe

Kepe thy mercy for me alwaies
and the couenant that thou hast
made with me, lette it be surely
perfourmed.

And if I haue swarued from
thy lawe, and not walked in thy
iudgementes,

If I haue broken thy statutes,
and transgressed thy commaun-
dementes:

Then with thy rodde bysyt
myne offences: and with stripes
correcte my trespasses.

But take not thy mercie a waie
from me, nor let not thy promise
be void and of none effect.

Breake not the couenant that
thou hast made with me, and
chaunge not that which hath is-
sued out of my mouth.

For in the (O god) our helthe
and

P S A L M E.

and glorie dothe consist. thou
art our helper: in whom we do
euer trust.

And this is certaine, that all
they, whiche truste in the, shall
not be confounded.

For who is he that hath tru-
sted in the, and is confounded?
or who hath called vpon the, &
thou hast dispised him?

For thy name sake (O lord)
thou forgeuest our synnes, al-
though they be manie and gre-
uous.

Thou arte a sure stay to them
that dread the: and shewest them
thy testament.

And vnto the I crye (O lord)
& I beleue, that thou wilt saue
me, for thy great mercies sake.

Thou shalt redeme my soule

I

in

in peace from the wꝛath, whiche
is to come in the last day.

I will offre vp to the sacrifice
of laude and pꝛaise : and I will
rendꝛe vp my bowes to the, whi-
che arte the highest.

The wicked watche and loke
to distroye me : but I truste in
thy mercie .

Thou arte my pꝛotectoure,
and my buckeler : my god , my
strength , my refuge, and dely-
uerer.

I tarpe and looke foꝛ healpe
from the (O loꝛde) blessed is the
man that trusteth in the.

O loꝛde, what great pleasures
thou haste pꝛepared foꝛ me in
heauen : that I shulde delite in
no earthly thyng but in the :

My most pleasure is to cleaue
fast

P SALME.

fast vnto the: and in the to sette
my hope and truste.

I committe my spirite into thy
handes: deliuer me frome the
powers of darckenesse of this
worlde. Amen.

C The twelfth psalme

If god differre to helpe long time.

O My god, my god, whi for-
sakest thou me: whi lokest
not vpon my necessitie:

Shal thy mercie faile for euer:
wilt thou neuer be pleased in ore:

Howe longe wilt thou be mis-
contented with me, O lord: wilt
thou kendil thine angre through-
ly as it were fire:

Whan wilt thou haue any re-
garde to deliuer my soule: to
deliuer my life frome destruc-

cion of ennemies :

Howe long shall I crye, and
thou wilt not here : how longe
shall I make exclamacion for
verie peine, and thou wilt not
saue me :

O lord god of hostes, howe
longe wilt thou be angry with
the pzaiers of thy seruant :

Come againe vnto me (O god
my sauiour) and take awaye
thine indignacion against me .

When thou arte tourned (O
lord) thou shalt restore all
thynges agayne : and he that
was in sadnesse befoze, shall take
ioye and comfozte of the.

Let thy hand be to helpe man,
whiche is thy handie woozke,
whome thou haste exalted and
magnified to setfurth thy glozy.

Mine

Myne enemies liue welthi-
ly and are strong: and they whi-
che hate me, encrease and go foꝝ-
warde daily.

They dispꝛaise & set at naught
my counsaile, because I take
god foꝝ my hope and comfoꝛte.

They saie to me daily, Thou
trustest in god, let hym delꝓuer
the, and saue the: if so be tha the
beare loue and fauour towar-
des the.

They leape at me as it were so
many dogges: the companies
of the wicked barke at me: the
beset my handes and fete round
about.

O loꝛde, go not farre awaye
from me: thou art my strength,
make spede to helpe me.

Delꝓuer my soule from death,

I iiii

tourne

turne my way from the rage of
dogges.

Kepe me out of the mouthe of
lions : and saue me frome the
deepe lake.

Thou arte bothe holie and
strong, and no man is able to
resyste the, when thy angre is
great and feruent.

Who shall not feare the (O
lorde :) or whiche of all princes
shall not obey the :

The earth trembleth and qua-
ket for feare of thyne angre :
and the people shall not be able
to abide thy thretenyng.

Helpe me, O lorde god my sa-
uiour : and for the glozie of thy
name deliuer me : and forgeue
my trespasses.

For I do vtter and expresse
mine

PSALME.

mine iniquitie vnto the : and
my synne greueth me verai-
soze.

Arise vp (O lozde) and helpe
me : and deliuer me for thy mer-
cies sake.

O God, my refuge, and my
strengthe, whiche haste been e-
uer a greatte helpe in tribula-
cion.

Thou diddest receiue me into
thy tuicion, whan I came out
of my mothers wombe, and
thou wast my healer, whan
I sucked my mothers bzeastes.

I was leste to the as soone
as I was bozne, euen from my
mothers wombe, thou arte my
God.

Withdawe not thy selfe farre
away from me : for tribulacion

Aiii

is

is nere at hande, and there is none that can helpe me.

Mine ennemies compasse me counde about: my persecutours besiege me on euery syde.

And I am feeble and weake and soze broken: the peine of my herte maketh me to grone and syghe.

I am as the water that is cast forth: my strength is gone and vtterly dried vp, as it were a tile stone.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord) haue mercie vppon me: and impute not my synnes vnto me, whiche I haue done by foly.

Remembze not my synnes passed, let thy mercies pzeuēt them: for I am in a merueilous wretched case.

I am

I am weakened and cleane out
worne : and go mournyng eue-
ry day.

And nowe (O lord) what loke
I after : verily my soule loketh
to the for helpe.

Shewe nowe and declare thy
goodnesse to me, and withholde
not thy helpe from me.

My soule is replenished with
troubles and aduersities, and
draweth nere vnto dethes doze.

I am in great pouertie and
nede, and my herte is soze trou-
bled within me.

Cast me not away in the time
of my moste necessitie : and now
whan my strength fayleth me,
faile not thou me, O lord.

Deliuier me from mine enne-
mies : and make me not a moc-

I. v.

kyng

kyng stocke to them, that ieste
and raile vpon me.

Saue me from these rozyng
lions redy to deuoure, and from
the handes of theim that wolde
haue my life from me.

I do crye to the (O lord) for
thou art my hope, and my porci-
on in the lande of liuers.

Bring my soule out of prison,
& set my feete in a place, where I
maie walke at libertie.

Turne not thy face away from
me, lest I bee made lyke vnto
theim that discende into the pit.

Geue eare vnto my prayers,
for I am punished and brought
very lowe.

Deliuier me from my persecu-
tors : for they be muche stron-
ger then I.

O lord

PSALME.

O lord, here me speedily: lest my
spirite faile within me.

Deliver my soule out of trou-
ble, and in thy mercie destroy
all mine ennemies.

And make them to perish, whi-
che wolde destroy me: for I am
thy seruaunt. Amen.

The thirteenth psalme.

In whiche he giueth thanks to god
that his enemies haue not gotten
the ouerhande of hym.

I will magnifie and pzeise the
(O lord god) for thou haste
exalted me and sette me vp: and
my ennemies haue not gotten
the ouerhand of me.

O lord of hostes, I haue cried
vnto the: & thou hast saued me.
Thou

Thou haste brought my soule
out of hell: thou hast holden me
vp frome falling into the deepe
lake, frome whence no man re-
tourneth.

Thou hast not closed me vp in
the handes of myne ennemyes:
but thou haste set my feete in a
place both wyde and bzode.

I haue soughte the, & thou hast
herde me: thou hast brought me
into libertie out of great distres.

Thou hast turned my sorowe
into gladnesse: thou hast ceassed
my mournyng, and compassed
me round about with mirth.

Thou hast declared thy great
magnificence in healpyng thy
seruaunt.

Thou haste dooen mercifully
with me in my miseries.

Thou

PSALME.

Thou hast regarded the peine
of the pooze: thou hast not tur-
ned away thy face from me.

I will euer be singing and spe-
kyng of thy mercies: and I will
publishe to other thy fidelitie
& trueth so long as I shall liue.

My mouth shall neuer cesse to
speke of thy ryghteousnesse, & of
thy benefites: whiche be so ma-
ny, that I can not numbze them.

But I will geue the thankes
till death take me away: I will
syng in the praise of the, so long
as I shall continue,

I will triumphe and reioyse in
thy mercie, for þ thou hast looked
vpon my necessities, & regarded
my soule in my greatte distresse.

Thou hast ben my sure refuge,
and the strengthe of my truste,
and

and hope.

I thanke the lord for thy goodnesse alway: and for thy exceeding mercie.

Thou hast been my comfort in the tyme of my trouble, thou haste ben mercifull vnto me (O lord) and haste reuenged the wronges, that myne enemies haue done to me.

Accoꝝding to the multitude of the heauy thoughtes that I had in my minde, thy comfortes haue chired and lightned my hert.

Thou hast sent me now ioy for the dayes wherein I was in sorowe: & for the yeres in whom I suffred many a peinesfull stoꝝme.

Thou haste called to remembraunce the rebuke that thy seruant hath ben put to: and howe furiously

PSALME.

furiously myne ennemies haue
persecuted me.

O lord god of hostes, who
maie be cōpared vnto the: thou
art great & greatly to be praised.

Thou arte high vppon all the
earth, thou arte exalted farre a-
boue all goddes.

Glorie and honour befoze thy
face: holinesse and magnificence
in thy sanctuarie.

With iustice and iudgement
thy royall throne is stablished:
mercie and trueth go befoze thy
face.

Blessed art thou (O lord) whi-
che haste not holden backe thy
mercie from thy seruaunt.

After that I had longe looked
for the (O lord) at the last thou
diddest attende vnto me, and
heare

hardest my crye.

Thou hast taken me out of the lake of miserie : and set my feete vppon a rocke , and made my steppes sure.

Thou hast geuen me my desire : I haue seen thy ioyefull countenaunce.

Thou hast striken all my aduersaries, and hast abated their strength.

Thou hast rebuked the rablement of them that vexed me : and hast plucked me furthe of their handes.

Thou hast caste them headlynge into their owne pitte : their feete bee wrapped in the nette, whiche they laide priuily for me.

Mine ennemies are reculed
backe

PSALME.

backe: they ar fallen down and
destroyed from thy sight.

Thou hast been the poore mans
defence, and his helper in tribu-
lation, whan most nede was.

Thou haste done iudgemente
for me: thou haste defended my
cause against my accusars.

And although thou were very
angry with me a lyttell whyle:
yet nowe I lyue thozoughe thy
mercy and goodnes.

Uerylie I supposed with my
selfe, that I was cleane caste a-
way out of thy fauour.

But thou hast heard my prai-
ers: and accor dyng to thy great
mercy haste taken me againe in-
to thy fauour.

O lord, of thine owne mind and
wyll thou hast geuen strengthe
vnto

vnto my soule: but when thou
hydeste thy face frome me (O
lorde) howe greatly was I a-
stonied?

When I was in aduersitie,
then I cryed vnto the: and thou
dyddest aunswere me: when my
soule was in great anguysshe
and trouble, then (O lorde) I
did remembze the.

I haue tasted and sene howe
swete thou arte: truely blessed
is that man that trusteth in the.

Accor dyng to thy name, so is
thy commendacion and prayse:
but thy counsayles touchyng vs
be without exauple, and great
ter then can with woozdes be ex-
pressed.

Dominion, power, and glory
be thyne: for thou hast made all
thyng

P S A L M E.

thynges : and because thy wyll
is so: thei do stil continue.

Thy name be blessed, prayſed,
and magnified, bothe nowe and
euer and worlde withoute ende,

A M E N

The fourtene psalme.

In whiche the goodnes of
god is prayſed.

O L O R D E our gouenour,
how wonderfull is thy ma-
iestie thozoughe oute the whole
worlde : whiche hast set thy glo-
ry aboue all the heauens.

What is man that thou ma-
gnifyest hym so greatly : or the
sonne of man that thou doest vi-
site him :

O lorde, thou arte great and
much

k. ii.

much to be prayſed in thy holy
hpyll.

Prayſe be vnto the (O lord
god) let our bowes made to the,
be alwaies perfourmed.

Confession and magnificence
are thy woorkes: and thy righte-
ouſenes cōtinueth for euermore.

Thou haſt done many thyn-
ges (O lord god) both meruai-
lous and great: and ther is none
that can be lyke vnto the in thy
woorkes.

Thy wayes be iuſte and true,
who wyl not feare and dreade
the, and magnifie thy name?

I thanke the (O lord god)
with all my hearte: and I wyl
halowe thy name for euer.

O lord, thou art my ſtrength
and my prayſe: Thou haſte
brought

PSALME

brought downe myne ennemies,
whiche arte a iudge euen from
the beginnyng.

Thy righte hande is exceding
stronge: thy ryghte hand wooz-
keth many great actes.

Thyne arme is myghtie and
stronge, and because it hath ple-
sed the, thou haste strengthened
mine infirmitie.

I wyll prayse thy greatte
and dreedefulle name: for it is
holy.

Althoughe I haue fallen, yet
I am not crulshede in pieces:
for thou hast susteined my hand.

I haue opened and shewed my
way vnto the: and in the I haue
trusted, and thou at lengthe
hast accomplished my desyres.

K iii

Thou

THE. XIIII.

Thou hast broken the heades
of myne enemies, and hast made
them to stoupe: whiche walked
proudely in their sinnes.

Thou haste dominion ouer
their power, and whan they be
exalted and sette alofte in their
wayes, thou abateste theyr cou-
rage, and dystroyest them with
thy myghtie arme.

In thy name I wyll euer re-
ioyse, and in thy mercie is all my
glozie.

Thou louest rightuousnesse
and iudgemente: the earth is re-
plenished with thy mercy.

Thy eye loketh fauourably v-
pon theym that dreade the, and
trust in thy inercie.

There shall no good thyng be
lackyng to them that seeke the,
and

PSALME

and they that feare the, shall not
be helpelesse.

For thou dost order their way-
es, and hearest them whan they
crye vnto the.

That thou mayst deliuer their
soules from death: & swage their
peines whan thei be greued.

For thou helpest theym, whose
hertes be broken with sorowe:
and bearest vppe with thy hand
theym that be contryte in spy-
rite.

Thou sauest the soules of thy
seruauntes, and all they that
trust in the, shall not be distroied.

Wherfore my tonge shall singe
thy prayse (O lord god) I wyll
alwaies magnifie the.

I wyll loue the (O lord) whi-
che arte my strengthe, my stape,
K.iii. my

my myght, my sauour, and my
refuge.

My god, my defender, and my
buckeler, the strength of my sal-
uacion, and my supporter.

After that I had called vppon
the with due laude and prayse,
thou haste saued me from myne
enemies.

When I was in trouble I cal-
led vpon the, thou hast hard my
voyce oute of thy holy temple,
and my crye hath entred vp into
thine eares.

Thou hast saued me from mine
aduersaries, that rose vp ageinst
me: thou hast delyuered me from
wicked enemies.

Thou hast taken me from the
company of euill men, and mine
eye hath sene vpo mine enemies
the

PSALME.

the thynges that I desyzed.

And therfore if it shuld fortune
me to passe throughe the darke
vale of death : I wyll go with-
out feare : for thou wylte be with
me, thy rod and thy staffe shall
comfort me.

Thou shalt deliuer me from
tribulation : thou shalt kepe me
from them which seke to destroy
me.

Mine eyes be vppon the (O
lorde) for thou shalt bryng my
fete fourth of the snare.

Vnto the (O lorde god) I wil
perfourme my vowes, I wyll
geue the thankes both now and
euermore, and worlde withoute
ende. Amen.

R. v.

The

The fiftenth psalme.

Of the benefites of god, with
thankes for the same.

My soule prayseth the (**O**
lorde) and all that is with-
in me prayseth thy holy name.

My soule geueth the humble
thankes , and thy benefyttes I
wyl neuer forget .

Whiche forgeuest al my synnes:
hnd healest all my infirmities .

Whiche haste saued my lyfe
from destruccion: and shewed in
me thy grace and mercie.

Whiche haste satisfied my de-
sire with good thynges , and
shalte ones restore my youthe
agayne.

Thou hast entreated me mer-
cyfully at all tymes, and hast re-
uenged me of mine ennemies .

Thou

PSALME.

Thou haste been a defence to
me (O lord) and a sure founda-
cion of my wealth.

Thou haste guyded me with
thy counsaile, and taken me to
the, through thy mercie.

Thou hast many wayes de-
clared in me thy greate myghte
and power, and after thyne an-
gre hath been paste, thou haste
turned again and comforted me.

Thou hast sent me many gre-
uous troubles, but at the length
thou hast brought me out of the
bottomles depenesse.

Thou hast made me priuie to
thy wayes, and hast not hyd thy
counsailes from me.

Thou art full of mercie and
grace (O lord) slowe to wꝛath,
and ready to goodnes.

Thy

Thy dyspleasure lasteth not
alwaie, & thou kepeste not backe
thy mercyes in thyne angre for
euer.

Thou rewardest vs not accor-
dyng to our synnes, nor punys-
hest vs accor dyng to oure de-
sertes.

Loke howe hye the heauen is
in comparyson of the earthe : so
great is thy mercy towarde vs.

Howe farre as the easte is
distant from the weast : so farre
(O lord) remoue oure synnes
from vs.

Lyke as a naturall father hath
pitie vpon his chylde : euen
so (O lord god) thou haste had
compassion vpon vs.

Thou hast not forgotten thy
creature : thou remembrest that
we

PSALME.

we ar fleshe, yea all men liuyng.

And that thage of men is lyke
vnto grasse, and may be compa-
red to the flowres in the fielde :

Whiche as sone as the sharpe
wynde hath blowen vpon them
with his blastes, wyther awaie
and dye, so that no man can tell
where they did growe.

But thy mercy (O lord) and
thy louyng kyndnesse is alwaies
vpon them that feare the : & thy
righteousnesse endureth euer.

So that we kepe our promyse
and couenaunt with the : and so
remembze thy commaundemen-
tes, that we do them in dede.

O lord, thou haste stablyshed
thy thzone in heauen : and thou
gouernest all thynges by thyn
imperiall power.

I will magnifie the (O god)
and prayse thy name world with
out end.

I wyll geue the thanks al-
waie, and make thy name glori-
ous for euer.

O lord, thou art puissant and
great: and thy magnificence is
vnsurcheable.

One generacion shall shewe
to an nother thy woorkes, and
thei shall declare thine auncient
noble actes.

They shall euer praise the ma-
gnificence of the glory of thy ho-
lines, & the memorie of thy great
goodnes.

For thou art good and graci-
ouse to all men, and thy mercie
excedeth all thy woorkes.

The eyes of all men beholde
and

PSALME.

and wayte vpon the: that thou
shouldest geue them their suste-
naunce in tyme conuenient.

Thou openest thine hand, and
fillest euery liuing creature with
fode necessary.

O lord, thou art ryghtful in
all thy waies, and holy in all thy
dedes.

Thou kepest all theym, that
loue the, and the tozment of ma-
lice shall not touche them.

My mouthe shall speake thy
glozy and prayse, and all lyuyng
creatures shall honour thy ho-
ly name for euer.

Prayse the lord, O ye his aun-
gels, myghtie in power, whiche
do his commaundementes, and
obey the voice of his worde.

Prayse ye all to gyther god,
O ye

T H E . X V .

O ye, all his hoostes, you his ministers, that do his wpll and pleasure.

Prayse the lorde as I do, and let vs magnifie his name to gether.

Prayse the lorde, O ye al his saynctes, for his name is glorious, and his praise goeth aboue bothe heauen and earth.

Prayse the lorde together, O ye, all his workes, euery thyng that liueth, praise the **L O R D E .**

A M E N .

F I N I S . X V . P S A L M

M O R V M .

The

The. xxi. psalme of Dauid.

The complaint of Christ
on the Crosse.



MY GOD MY god,
why haste thou for-
saken me : it semeth
that I shall not ob-
teyne deliuerance,

though I seke for it with loude
cryes .

My god , I will crye all the
day long, but thou wilt not an-
swere : and all the night longe,
without takyng any rest.

The meane tyme thou moste
holiest, semest to sitte still, not
caryng for the thynges that I
suffre : whiche so oft haste helped
me heretofore, and hast geuen

to

to

to thy people Iſraell, ſufficient
argument and matier to prayſe
the with ſonges, wherwith they
haue geuen thanks to the for
thy benefites.

Our forefathers were wonte
to put their truſt in the : and as
often as they did ſo, thou did-
deſt deliuer them.

As ofte as they cryed for helpe
to the, they were deliuered : as
ofte as they committed them-
ſelſe to the, they were not put to
any ſhame.

But as for me, I ſeeme rather
to be a worme than a man : the
donghill of Adam : the outcaſt
of the bulgar people.

As manie as haue ſeene me :
haue laughed me to ſcorne, and
reuiled me, and ſhakyng their
heades

PSALME.

heades in derision at me: haue
cast me in the tethe sayng:

He is wonte to boiste and glo-
rie, that he is in greatte fauoure
with god: wherefoze lette god
nowe deliuer him, if he loue him
so well.

By thy pzocurement (O lord)
I came oute of my mothers
wombe: and thou gauest me
good comfozte: euen whan I
sucked my mothers bzeastes.

Thozoughe thy meanes I
came into this worlde: and as
soone as I was bozne, I was
leste to thy tuicion: yea thou
wast my god, whan I was yet
in my mothers wombe.

Wherefoze go not farre awaye
frome me: For daungier is

Lii even

euē nowe at hande, and I see
no man that will helpe me.

Many buls haue closed me in,
both strong and faste, they haue
compassed me rounde about.

They haue opened their mou-
the against me, like vnto a li-
on that gapeth vpon his praye,
and roseth for hunger.

I am powzed out like wa-
ter, and all my limmes loosed
one from the other, and my
herte is melted within me as it
were waxe.

All my strength is gone and
dried vp like vnto a tile stone,
my tonge cleaueth to the roofo
of my mouth: and at the last I
shall be buried in the earth as
the deade be wonte.

For dogges haue compassed
me

me rounde about: and the moſte wicked haue conſpired againſt me, they haue made holes thorough my handes and my feete.

I was ſo vnientilly entreated of theim, that I might eaſilie numbre all my bones: and after all the peyne and tozment that they did to me, with greuous countenaunce they ſtared and looked vpon me.

They deuided my clothes amonge theim, and caſte lot for my cote.

Wherefore lord, I beſeeche the, go not farre from me: but for as muche as thou arte my power and my ſtrength, make haſte to helpe me.

Deliuere my ſoule from daunger of the ſwerde, and kepe my

A.iii.

life

life destitute of all mans helpe,
from the violence of the dogge.

· Saue me from the mouthe of
the lion, and take me from the
horns of the vnicoznes.

· I will shew vnto my bzetherne
the maiestie of thy name : and
whan the people is most assem-
bled together, I will pzeise and
set furth thy moste woꝛthy actes
and deedes.

· All that woꝛship the lord, pzeise
hym, all the posteritie of Iacob
magnifie hym, all ye that be of
the stocke of Israell, with reue-
rence serue and honour hym.

· For he hathe not dispised and
set at nought the pooze man, be-
cause of his miserie : noꝛ he hath
not disdainfully tourned away
his face from hym : but rather
as

as soone as the pooze man cried
vnto him for helpe, he heard him
by and by.

I will praise the with my son-
ges openlie in a multitude of
people, and I will perfourme
my bowes in the syght of them
that honour the.

The pooze shall eate and be
satisfied: they shall praise the
lorde, that studie to please hym:
and as manie of you as conti-
nue stil suche, your hertes shall
liue.

All the endes of the worlde
shall consider these thinges and
be tourned to the lorde: and all
heathen nacions shall submitte
them selfe, and do homage vn-
to the.

L.iii.

For

For the lord hath a power
royall, and an imperiall Domi-
nion ouer the heathen.

The most mightie and great-
test of all them that dwelle on
the earthe haue eaten, and af-
ter that they haue tasted the spi-
rituall gistes of the lord, they
haue submitted them selfe, and
made humble suite vnto hym :
yea and all the deade, whiche are
buried in the earthe, shall knele
and make reuerence in his ho-
noure : because he hath not dis-
dayned to spende his owne life
for them.

They that shall come after vs,
shall honour and serue hym.

These thinges shalbe witten
of the lord, that our posteritie
may know & vnderstand them.

That

PSALME.

That they also maie come and
shewe these thynges to the peo-
ple that shall be bozne of theim,
that the lord hath done these
thynges, whiche be so meruai-
lous.

CA psalme of than-
kes geyng.

Iubilate deo omnis terra.

R Eioyce and synge in the ho-
noure of the lord, al ye that
liue on earth,

worshyp and serue the lord
with gladnesse, come into his
syght and pzeience with ioy and
mirth.

Acknowledge you, and con-
fesse, that the lord is that god,
whiche hath created and made

A. v.

vs

FOR THE KYNG.

vs, for truely we made not our
selfe, but we be his people and
his flocke, whiche he nourisheth
and fedeth continually.

Go ye through his gates to
geue him thanks for the innu-
merable benefittes, whiche ye
haue receyued of hym: and to
syng thorough his courtes his
worthy actes and deedes: praise
hym, and highly commende his
uaine.

For the lord is bothe good
and gracious, and his mercie is
infinite: he is mooste constant
in keepyng of his promisses, not
to one generacion onely, but e-
uen to all.

A prayer

PSALME.

A prayer for
the kyng.

O Lozde Iesu Chziste, moſte
high, moſt mightie, kyng
of kynges, lozde of lordes, the
onely rular of princis, the very
ſonne of god, on whole ryghte
hand ſyttynge, doest from thy
thzone beholde all the dwellers
vpon earth; with mooste lowly
hertes we beſeche the, vouch-
ſafe with fauourable regarde to
behold our moſt gracious ſoue-
raygne lozde kyng Henry the
eyght, and ſo replenyshe hym
with the grace of thy holy ſpi-
ritie, that he alway incline to thy
will, and walke in thy way. Kepe
hym farre of frome ignoraunce,
but thzough thy gifte, leat pru-
dence and knowlage alwaye a-
bound

FOR THE KYNG.

bound in his royall hert. So instructe hym (O LORD IESV)
repyngnyng vpon vs in erth, that
his humaine maiestie, alway obey thy diuine maiestie in feare
and drede. Indue him plentifully with heuenly giftes . Graunt
him in health and welth longe to liue . Heape glozie and honoure
vpon hym . Glad hym with the ioye of thy countenaunce . So
strengthe hym, that he maie
vanquish and ouercome
all his and our foes,
and be drede and
feared of al the
ennemies of
his realme.

AMEN.



A prayer for men

to saie entryng into
battaile.

O almighty kyng and
lozde of hostes, whiche by
thy angels, there vnto appoin-
ted, doest minister bothe warre
and peace: and whiche diddest
geue vnto Dauid both courage
and strengthe, beyng but a litle
one, vnarmed, and vnerpert in
feates of warre, with his slinge
to set vpon, and ouerthrowe the
great huge Goliath: our cause
nowe being iuste, and being in-
forced to entre into warre and
battaile, we mooste humbly be-
seche the (O lozd god of hostes)
so to turne the hertes of our en-
emies to the desire of peace,
that

A P R A Y E R

that no chriſten bloud be ſpilte:
ozels graunt (O lord) that with
ſmalle effuſion of bloud, and to
the litle hurt and damage of in-
nocentes, we maie to thy glorie
opteyne victorie: and that the
warres beyng ſoone ended, we
maie all with one herte and
mind, knit together in con-
corde and vnitie, laude
and praife the, which
liueſt and reigneſt
woꝛlde with-
out ende.

A M E N.

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of July, the yere of
our lorde . M.

DXLV.



Cum priuilegio ad impre-
mendum solum.

*the contents of the psalmes
before said.*

for the remission of sinnes.

for remission of sinnes.

for remission of sinnes

complaint of the penitent bur-
dened with sinne & tentations.

for the obtaining of godly wisdom
to be friends of god.

for direction of a godly life.

to be defended from the enemies

9. againste his enemies.
10. againe he iso rebelle of his
enemies—
11. for tyme in goddys mercy.
12. yf god differ to helpe.
13. a geving of thanks yf he
sende, he is not perished.
14. His goodnes of goddys mercy.
15. Thanks to god for his bene-
fites.
21. His complaint of his enemies.

a blessing
 god yf suffer w^r made
 you / god yf some w^r admi-
 ration. preserve you / god yf some
 w^r faithfully w^r confirm
 strengthen you / god blessing
 fence. & preserving health of
 almighty god. yf suffer yf
 yf goddys grace. preserve you
 all right. & bring you to
 life everlasting / amen
 & hee be for us yf light of
 his loving countenance
 — / amen /

